

*Stolen from the Young Men's Library*

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume III. }

*Jeff*  
No. 1524. — August 23, 1873.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXVIII. }

## CONTENTS.

I. THE PERSONAL LIFE OF GEORGE GROTE, . . .	<i>Westminster Review</i> , . . .	451
II. INNOCENT: A Tale of Modern Life. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc. Part XII, . . .	<i>Graphic</i> , . . .	475
III. THE PLANET MARS: AN ESSAY BY A WHEWELLITE, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . .	488
IV. THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON. By the author of "Dorothy Fox." Part X., . . .	<i>Good Words</i> , . . .	497
V. THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER AND LORD WESTBURY, . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , . . .	507
VI. THE SULTAN AND THE KHEDIVE, . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , . . .	509
VII. THE FAR EAST, . . .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> , . . .	510

## POETRY.

LAY ME LOW, . . . . .	450	THE HUMMING-BIRD, . . . . .	450
PARTED, . . . . .	450	FRIENDSHIP, . . . . .	450

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club the LIVING AGE with another periodical.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

*Return to 248*

## LAY ME LOW.

LAY me low, my work is done,  
I am weary. Lay me low,  
Where the wild flowers woo the sun,  
Where the balmy breezes blow,  
Where the butterfly takes wing,  
Where the aspens drooping grow,  
Where the young birds chirp and sing.  
I am weary, let me go.

I have striven hard and long  
In the world's unequal fight,  
Always to resist the wrong,  
Always to maintain the right,  
Always with a stubborn heart  
Taking, giving blow for blow.  
Brother, I have played my part,  
And am weary, let me go.

Stern the world and bitter cold,  
Irk some, painful to endure,  
Everywhere a love of gold,  
Nowhere pity for the poor.  
Everywhere mistrust, disguise,  
Pride, hypocrisy, and show.  
Draw the curtain, close mine eyes,  
I am weary, let me go.

Others 'chance when I am gone  
May restore the battle-call,  
Bravely lead the good cause on,  
Fighting in the which I fall.  
God may quicken some true soul  
Here to take my place below  
In the heroes' muster-roll.  
I am weary, let me go.

Shield and buckler, hang them up,  
Drape the standard on the wall,  
I have drained the mortal cup  
To the finish, dregs and all.  
When our work is done 'tis best,  
Brother, best that we should go.  
I'm weary, let me rest,  
I'm weary, lay me low.

All The Year Round.

## PARTED.

AND over all there hung a round full moon,  
And underneath the stream in silence sped,  
Its silvered ripples sliding past full soon  
While others pressed behind; these born,  
those dead.

Then all were changing; e'en that silvered  
ball  
Of peaceful light, too calm almost to shine,  
Moved, and reluctant there amongst them all,  
As they on their ways, must I pass on mine.

If all is changing, may thy troubles change!  
If light be shining, may it shine on thee!  
If peace descending, may it spread its range,  
And flood thy soul, and raising, set it free.

Spectator.

## THE HUMMING-BIRD.

BY JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

POISED in a sheeny mist  
Of the dust of bloom,  
Clasped to the poppy's breast and kissed,  
Baptized in violet perfume  
From foot to plume!

Zephyr loves thy wings  
Above all lovable things,  
And brings them gifts with rapturous mur-  
murings:  
Thine is the golden reach of blooming hours,  
Spirit of flowers!

Music follows thee,  
And, continually,  
Thy life is changed and sweetened happily,  
Having no more than rose-leaf shade of  
gloom,  
O bird of bloom!

Thou art a winged thought  
Of tropical hours,  
With all the tropic's rare bloom-splendour  
fraught,  
Surcharged with beauty's indefinable powers,  
Angel of flowers!

## FRIENDSHIP.

STILL, deep, and clear one time our friendship  
lay,  
As lies a noble lake;  
Therein our souls did bathe, thereon did play;  
No soundings did we take.

Ah gracious waters! — not a sudden frost  
Their ripples sealed in death;  
Then might a thaw have brought us back the  
lost,  
With breathings of warm breath.

They wasted day by day and were withdrawn;  
The risen sun shone wide  
Where all was arid, from the dewless dawn  
To scorching eventide.

Ah! they were but a flood, unfed by streams;  
Yet I, so fain to slake  
My ardent thirst, must haunt the spot where  
gleams  
The mirage of our lake.

Thou art so changed, thou dost perceive no  
change;  
But as a secret deep  
I guard (lest friendship's ghost I should es-  
trange),  
How much I secret keep.

Spectator.

From The Westminster Review.

## THE PERSONAL LIFE OF GEORGE GROTE.\*

THERE are a few men in every age whose privilege and glory it is, while standing aloof from practical politics or taking no prominent share therein, to inform the thoughts and direct the aims of succeeding generations of their countrymen. The influence of such men is often less immediately manifest than that of practical statesmen, but in the end it is wider because it is indirect; and when the history of their time comes to be written it is they who will be regarded as the springs of the legislation and the sources of the progress in which they had perhaps no personal share. It is not given to them to sway senates or to guide the popular will, but it is their nobler task to be teachers of the teachers, and to replenish the fountains of the statesman's wisdom. England has lately lost two such men — George Grote, who died two years ago, and John Stuart Mill, whose untimely loss we are all deploring to-day. These two men were trained in the same school of thought, and received the lamp of wisdom from the same hand — that of Bentham; they cannot therefore be entirely compared with the two "seminal minds" of the earlier part of the present century, whose eulogy was so eloquently written by one of them many years ago in the pages of this *Review*;† for while Coleridge and Bentham represented two distinct, and in many respects antagonistic, currents of thought, Grote and Mill, though their lives of activity were in the main divergent, were cast in the same mould, professed the same philosophic faith, and shared the influence of the same great mind. Their works are the main channels through which the influence of Bentham has reached the present generation; and it is perhaps chiefly owing to them that that influence is still so great.

Of John Stuart Mill it is not our purpose to speak at length on the present

occasion: in our next issue we shall hope to furnish our readers with an account of his Life and Writings which we shall spare no effort to make worthy of so great a man. But we cannot allow a number of the *Westminster Review* to appear without at least a passing tribute to the memory of one whose loss, so recent and deplorable, is a calamity not to us only but to England and to the world. One of the keenest intellects and one of the noblest characters which this generation has seen has passed away, and John Stuart Mill sleeps at Avignon by the side of her to whom his own life was offered as a willing sacrifice. But though he was cut off in the maturity of his splendid powers, his work still lives and will live in the thoughts and deeds of many a future generation. To have taught the flower of England's youth; to have revived the study of philosophy in her schools; to have moulded the policy of her greatest dependency; to have guided and ruled the thought of a whole generation in one of the greatest of European states, and to have illumined the path of future progress for many a coming year — this is a task which it is given to few to attempt, to fewer still to accomplish. We who have seen it attempted without a shadow of mean ambition, and accomplished without a trace of ignoble exultation, must for ever cherish the name and exalt the memory of John Stuart Mill.

In the present paper we propose to give some account of the life of the elder of these two men — George Grote, whose History of Greece, together with the supplementary treatise on Plato and the unfinished fragment on Aristotle, is one of the noblest monuments of English scholarship which the present century has produced. The life of George Grote falls naturally into three periods: 1. His early life and private history from 1794 to 1833; 2. His parliamentary career from 1833 to 1841; 3. The period of literary production which lasted uninterruptedly from his retirement from Parliament in 1841, and from business in 1843, up to the last months of his life in 1871. We shall dwell at considerable length on

\* *The Personal Life of George Grote.* By Mrs. Grote. Murray: London. 1873.

† *Westminster Review*, Aug. 1838. Article on Bentham, by J. S. Mill.

the first of these periods because it is the one of which least is known to the world, and in which the seed of that culture which bore so splendid a fruit in later years were sown: but the characteristic note of all three periods is the same, that of strenuous and unflinching devotion to one great purpose; as a friend said in 1865, recalling, perhaps unconsciously, the words of Goethe —

Wie das Gestirn  
Ohne hast  
Aber ohne Rast,

"Grote's intellectual course always seems to me to resemble the progress of a planet through the firmament; never halting, never deviating from its onward path, steadfast to its appointed purpose."

Mrs. Grote has devoted the latter years of a not unproductive literary life to the preparation of a personal memoir of her distinguished husband: of his "intellectual achievements, whether as a Historian, Scholar, Philosopher, or Critic," she does not hold herself entitled to speak; we are promised however that "a more qualified exposition will supply her deficiency in this great field at no distant date." Her work is therefore "The Personal History of George Grote," as it is called on the title-page, and its origin is due to the anxiety expressed by many friends of the Historian to have some account of his early life. Yielding to their importunity, she began in 1866 to collect such old letters and journals as she had preserved, with the view of weaving them into a biographical form.

Being thus occupied on one morning of (I think) the year 1867, Mr. Grote came into the room.

"What are you so busy over, there, H.?" inquired he.

"Well, I am arranging some materials for a sketch of your life, which I have been urgently invited to write by several of our best friends."

"My life!" exclaimed Mr. Grote; "why, there is absolutely nothing to tell!"

"Not in the way of adventures, I grant; but there *is* something, nevertheless — your Life is the history of a mind."

"That is it!" he rejoined, with animation. "But can you tell it?"

"It is what I intend to try. You see, unless I give some account of your youth and early manhood, no other hand can furnish the least information concerning it."

"Nothing can be more certain — you *are* the only person living who knows anything about me during the first half of my existence."

This short colloquy ended, the subject was never renewed between us; the historian feeling, as I believe, content to leave his life's story in my hands.

Thenceforth, whenever opportunities and strength allowed of my working at the biography, I did so, and the narrative had advanced, in 1870, as far as the year 1820, when it was unavoidably laid aside for the space of twelve months.

Since the commencement of the year 1872, it has been slowly continued in the intervals of leisure allowed me by my numerous obligations; though often arrested by attacks of illness.

I have given a brief statement of the cause and growth of this modest memoir, to explain to my readers from what motives it came to pass that, notwithstanding the difficulties attending its composition, I had yet sufficient courage and industry to bring my work to an end. When they learn that no other pen could have produced it, they will surely accord to this book all the indulgence it needs. — *Preface*, ii.-v.

The modesty of the purpose here expressed forestalls and disarms criticism; it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to give a very artistic form to the story of a singularly uneventful life, for which the only available materials are family records, private diaries and familiar letters; and Mrs. Grote has wisely refrained from the attempt. Notwithstanding a certain old-fashioned air of formality which is at times almost grotesque, the style is unpretending and in some cases homely even to bluntness; and if the general result is somewhat lacking in refinement, the defect is redeemed by genuine sincerity of purpose and the frank and undisguised admiration which Mrs. Grote everywhere manifests for the labours and studies of her husband. It is not perhaps inappropriate that the life of a writer whose style was pre-eminently plain and unadorned should be commemorated in an artless and homely narrative.

The founder of the Grote family in



England, Andreas Grote, grandfather of the Historian, came to England and settled in business towards the middle of the eighteenth century. He came of a burgher family long established in Bremen, and it was a tradition in the family that Hugo Grotius was of their blood, though this, it seems, was scarcely credited by Mrs. Grote and her husband. Andreas Grote at first founded an agency business in Leadenhall Street, but the Banking-house so well known in the City for the last hundred years under the names of Grote and of Prescott, was founded in January, 1776, under two partners of that name, one of whom was Andrew Grote, as he called himself in later years. Andrew was twice married; his only issue by his first marriage was a son, Joseph; George Grote the elder, father of the Historian, and six daughters were the children of his second wife, a Miss Culverden. He died in 1788 leaving a well-established and lucrative business, and a fortune extensive enough to furnish portions of 20,000*l.* to 25,000*l.* to each of his daughters: his sons Joseph and George succeeded to the business, and the former inherited an estate in Lincolnshire, which his father had acquired by the foreclosure of a mortgage; he had also previously inherited an estate in Oxfordshire from his mother's brother, but as he died without issue in 1814, George Grote the elder succeeded to his landed property and acquired, though he soon relinquished for more congenial pursuits, the leading position in the firm. George married in 1793, Selina, the daughter of Doctor Peckwell, an eminent divine whose talents attracted the notice of the Countess of Huntingdon, and had secured him preferment through her favour. Selina's mother, whose name was Blosset or De Blosset, was descended from an ancient family in Touraine which had long been settled in Ireland.

George Grote the elder and his wife settled at Clay Hill, near Beckenham, and here on November 17th, 1794, their eldest son George the Historian was born: his infancy was passed at Beckenham, but at the early age of five and a half years young George was sent to the

Grammar School of Sevenoaks, and at ten he was transferred to the Charterhouse, of which School Dr. Matthew Raine was Headmaster—

Among the pupils of Dr. Raine at this period, some were forward in the studies predominant in public schools, and indeed became eminent in mature life. The brothers George and Horace Waddington, Connop Thirlwall, H. Havelock (the soldier), Creswell Creswell, and a few others, were the familiar companions of George Grote's youthful days; the one whom he especially preferred, and with whom he maintained an affectionate intimacy throughout his after life, being George Waddington, the late Dean of Durham. During the six years that he passed at the Charterhouse, I believe that George Grote never got a flogging for any shortcomings in the performance of his tasks, though, in common with his fellows, he fell under Dr. Raine's rod in his turn for boyish offences, such as straying beyond the prescribed limits out of the school hours. Indeed, he actually underwent this punishment along with his friend Waddington and others, on the eve of quitting the school, and when he was almost at the head of it, viz. in 1810; the occasion being that Grote had given a farewell supper to his schoolmates at the "Albion Tavern" in Aldersgate Street, where (as was natural under the circumstances) they had all indulged in somewhat ample potations. Such was school discipline early in the nineteenth century. — *Life*, p. 7.

George's father had no sympathy with learning; beyond sending his sons successively to the Charterhouse, where he had himself been brought up, he seems to have taken little thought for their education. He was "fond of hunting, shooting, and exercise generally," and as soon as his eldest son was of age to enter the business, he took him from school and set him to work in the City. It appears the youth had already distinguished himself in his studies, and his friends and his teachers had begun to suggest for him an Academical training: but his father wanted his services in the business and was anxious to withdraw himself from commerce to the pursuits and duties of a country gentleman to which he afterwards devoted himself.

Accordingly, at the early age of sixteen, and indeed somewhat under it, George Grote began the career of a banker.

He lived with his father; that is to say, his father's house was his home. When he stayed in London, it was in Threadneedle Street that he resided, and, whilst Mr. Grote was in Oxfordshire (usually from September until April), such was his regular habit, diversified by visits to Badgemoor at intervals. During his family's residence at Beckenham, George used to pass the greater part of the week with them. He dined and slept at Clay Hill, riding to London daily (bating occasional exceptions) with his father, and riding back, ten miles, to dinner. Young George was accustomed to go over a good deal of ground on foot also, besides the exercise of riding twenty miles per day. In those days, the junior members of the firm had to go forth, along with what was called "the walk clerk," carrying the various "bills" for presentation, a duty involving some two or three hours of walking exercise.

On the evening of the days when it was necessary for him to stay in the City to "lock up," George occupied himself principally with study. He had contracted a strong taste for the classics at Charterhouse, and felt prompted to cultivate them on quitting the scene of his boyish training.

Looking forward to a commercial course of life, certain to prove uninteresting in itself, he resolved to provide for himself the higher resources of intellectual occupation.

He was at the same time sensible to the charm of music, and frequented the concerts of the Philharmonic Society (then newly established), which made a pleasant variety in his City routine.

He began to learn the violoncello, too, towards the year 1815, and on that instrument he frequently accompanied his mother, who was a fair musician, and they played Handel's compositions in the family circle with pleasure and good effect.

Again, young George addressed himself to the study of the German language, under the tuition of Dr. Schwabe, a minister of the Lutheran Church (in Abie Street, Goodman's Fields). At that period very few young men (and scarcely any women, of course) knew German, and it furnished evidence of earnest devotion to literary pursuits when George Grote gave up his leisure hours, few as they were, to its acquisition. — p. 10.

Little more than half a century before Grote was removed from his youthful studies to the uncongenial pursuits of commerce, another historian, with whom perhaps it is Grote's highest praise that he can without disparagement be compared, was permitted to enjoy the privileges which were withheld from Grote; and this is Gibbon's estimate of the result:—

The expression of gratitude is a virtue and a pleasure; a liberal mind will delight to cherish and celebrate the memory of its parents, and the teachers of science are the parents of

the mind. I applaud the filial piety which it is impossible for me to imitate; since I must not confess an imaginary debt, to assume the merit of a just or generous retribution. To the University of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life: the reader will pronounce between the school and the scholar, but I cannot affect to believe that nature had disqualified me for all literary pursuits. The specious and ready excuse of my tender age, imperfect preparation, and hasty departure, may doubtless be alleged; nor do I wish to defraud such excuses of their proper weight. Yet in my sixteenth year I was not devoid of capacity or application; even my childish reading had displayed an early though blind propensity for books; and the shallow flood might have been taught to flow in a deep channel and a clear stream. In the discipline of a well-constituted academy, under the guidance of skilful and vigilant professors, I should gradually have risen from translations to originals, from the Latin to the Greek classics, from dead languages to living science: my hours would have been occupied by useful and agreeable studies, the wanderings of fancy would have been restrained, and I should have escaped the temptations of idleness which finally precipitated my departure from Oxford.\*

We have set these passages in juxtaposition—the one describing Grote's studious industry in the midst of commerce, the other Gibbon's unchided indolence at the centre of learning—because we think it may be inferred from the contrast that Threadneedle Street was possibly a more favourable home for an earnest student than Oxford at the beginning of the present century. Gibbon, it is true, belongs to an earlier period, but the sloth and indolence which overwhelmed Oxford in his day had not been entirely cast off in 1810. It may truly be said that the Universities lost more in losing Grote, than Grote lost in missing the Universities; while it is her everlasting shame that Gibbon left Oxford with bitterness in his heart, which was never appeased.

On the other hand, the life on which Grote entered favoured training which was not to be despised. The sober restraints of commerce afforded a sound discipline to the character; and the leisurely course of a well-established business yielded many a quiet hour to the pursuit of learning. Still the pressure of uncongenial labour was severely felt;

\* Smith's Gibbon, vol. i. p. 28.

and this and the lack of cultivated society are pathetically expressed in an extract given from a letter to a friend in 1817:—

My studies on other subjects have not been so regular as they might have been. A routine of business which stupefies the mind (*affigit humi divinæ particulam auræ*), and engagements, if possible, more stupid still, fill up nearly the whole measure of my occupations. A numerous family and the present artificial state of society absolutely imprison me to such an extent, that I can enjoy but very little solitude. And it is dull and wretched to the last degree to a mind which has a glimpse of a nobler sphere of action, to witness the total exclusion of intellect which disgraces general conversation.

“O miseras hominum mentes! O pectora caeca!

Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantis que periculis Degitur hoc ævi, quodcunque est!”

In my present frame of mind I could preach for hours on the subject of these noble lines of Lucretius. — p. 13.

The toils of business moreover were not relieved by the pleasures of a cheerful home; for though Grote continued to live with his father at Clay Hill, whenever his duties did not require his presence in Threadneedle Street, yet he was almost excluded from society by the religious fanaticism of his mother. Mrs. Grote was a Calvinistic recluse, and eschewed social intercourse of all kinds, and her husband, for the sake of domestic peace, yielded, though reluctantly, to her rigid seclusion. Fortunately for Grote, the neighbourhood of Beckenham afforded him the cheerful society which he sought in vain at home, and in the social and friendly intercourse of country life the foundations of more than one lasting friendship were laid. Two friends may especially be named as sharing and sympathizing with Grote's classical tastes and studious habits—George Warde Norman, and Charles Cameron; the former shared and encouraged Grote's taste for poetry and imaginative literature, the latter, whose turn of mind was analytic, stimulated and sustained his zeal for speculative inquiry.

Among the friends to whom Grote was introduced by Norman was a family of the name of Lewin, residing within a few miles of Beckenham: for Miss Harriet Lewin, one of the young ladies of this family, Grote soon conceived a profound and absorbing affection, which, as the result showed, was warmly returned. He was deterred however from telling his love by the misrepresentations of a treacherous friend who tried unsucces-

fully to supplant him. His father perceiving the dejection which naturally followed on this disappointment soon ascertained the state of his son's affections, and exacted from him a promise that he would never propose marriage to any woman without his sanction. This promise was readily given at the time; but when Grote shortly afterwards discovered that he had been deceived, and that Miss Lewin was free, he appealed to his father to release him from the pledge he had so hastily given. His father, however, reluctant to incur the expense of establishing his son, who was dependent on him, inexorably refused, and all intercourse with the Lewin family was broken off. This happened in 1815; he did not see Miss Lewin again till he met her by accident in 1818, and though he had striven in the meantime to conquer his passion in obedience to his father's wishes, he was unable entirely to suppress it; he thus describes the meeting in which it was revived:—

I had the happiness or misfortune (I know not which to call it, the feelings are so mixed) to see my dear friend and favourite, Harriet Lewin, the other day, in Bromley. She was sitting with Charlotte and another lady in the carriage, which was waiting at the door of the “Bell.” I stood there, and conversed with her for about ten minutes, but something—I know not what it is—kept me during the whole of the time in such a state of indescribable tremor and uneasiness, that I could hardly utter a rational sentence. She looked lovely beyond expression. Her features still retained the same life and soul which once did so magnetize me; I never have seen it, and I never shall see it, on any other face. My dear Harriet! It is terrible work. It is most cruelly painful to think that I can only appear to her in the light of one who has occasioned nothing but pain and uneasiness to her. Yet so it must be. I am sometimes tempted to wish myself an isolated being, without any family or relations, and nothing but those friends whom my own merit (little as that is) may attach to me, and to whom my affections flow spontaneously and ardently. Relations are a chain which drags a man on by means of his sense of duty. Happy is he who has fewest!” — p. 27.

After this meeting George appealed again to his father, and with such fervency and persistency that a grudging consent was given, on condition that his marriage should be postponed for two years. Miss Lewin's family were opposed to this long engagement, and were not unnaturally irritated at the evident reluctance of George's father to consent to the union: she herself shared this irritation, and could not entirely efface

from her memory the mortifying circumstances which had brought her former intimacy with Grote to a close.

Nevertheless, her long-cherished preference for George Grote, coupled with a discerning appreciation of his general character, and especially of its suitability to her views of the value of literary communion and culture as an element of conjugal life, prevailed over all, and she acquiesced in the harsh conditions imposed by the elder Grote. Thus it came to pass that the future of these two young persons was stamped and irrevocably coloured by the events of the summer of 1818. — p. 27.

While the course of this connexion remained broken, and George entertained no hopes of renewing it, he endeavoured with even added industry to occupy his thoughts with various kinds of study: in April, 1871, he thus writes to his friend Norman:—

... Literature still continues to form the greatest attraction to my mind; it is the only pleasure I enjoy which leaves no repentance behind it. I send you down the best "Lucretius" I have, and I think he will afford you much pleasure. Though the reasoning is generally indistinct, and in some places unintelligible, yet in those passages where he indulges his vein of poetry without reserve, the sublimity of his conceptions and the charm and elegance of his language are such as I have hardly ever seen equalled. He is much superior to Virgil in every quality except chastity and delicacy of taste, wherein the latter has reached the utmost pinnacle of perfection. I likewise send you the Tragedies attributed to Seneca, which I think I have heard you express an inclination to read. I have read one or two of them, and they appeared to me not above mediocrity.

I am now studying Aristotle's "Nicomachean Ethics." His reasonings on the subject of morals are wonderfully just and penetrating, and I feel anxious, as I read on, for a more intimate acquaintance with him. Hume's Essays, some of which I have likewise read lately, do not improve, in my view, on further knowledge. — p. 19.

His studies seem as usual to have chiefly taken the direction of philosophy, history, and political economy, though his range was enlarged by wide excursions into the varied field of classical literature. His interest in political economy had secured him the acquaintance of David Ricardo, whose writings were at that time the chief authority on the subject. Through Ricardo he made the acquaintance of James Mill.

... I have breakfasted and dined several times with Ricardo, who has been uncommonly civil and kind to me. I have met Mill

often at his house, and hope to derive great pleasure and instruction from his acquaintance, as he is a very profound thinking man, and seems well disposed to communicate, as well as clear and intelligible in his manner. His mind has, indeed, all that cynicism and asperity which belong to the Benthamian school, and what I chiefly dislike in him is the readiness and seeming preference with which he dwells on the faults and defects of others—even of the greatest men! But it is so very rarely that a man of any depth comes across my path, that I shall most assuredly cultivate his acquaintance a good deal farther. — p. 21.

The foundations of a lasting friendship were here laid, and the influence which James Mill exercised over Grote probably affected the whole of his future career. Few men saw much of James Mill without feeling his influence; Grote became his disciple as far as was possible for a vigorous and independent mind to acknowledge the sway of another, and in one of the latter years of his life it was his chosen task in the midst of his own strenuous activity to endeavour to rescue from unmerited neglect the works of one to whom he felt he owed so much. In 1865 he thus writes to John Mill:—

I am glad to get an opportunity of saying what I think about your "System of Logic" and "Essay on Liberty;" but I am still more glad to get (or perhaps to make) an opportunity of saying something about your father. It has always rankled in my thoughts, that so grand and powerful a mind as his left behind such insufficient traces in the estimation of successors. — p. 278.

Through James Mill Grote made the acquaintance of Bentham, and he soon joined that band of ardent and enthusiastic disciples, who at the feet of the combative sage learnt those lessons of wisdom to which they were destined to give effect in the political struggles of the next generation.

In those days it needed not a little social courage to be a Radical; for Radicalism was then but a militant minority, against which all the forces of respectable society were massed in solid array. Though the Radicals were feared in politics, they were despised in society, and they were forced to meet contempt with defiance. Now that the struggle in which they engaged is over and the victory for which they fought is won, it is difficult for us who reap the benefit of their efforts to estimate the sacrifices by which it was obtained. But an instructive passage quoted by Mrs. Grote will help us to understand the obloquy which

the early Radicals had to undergo, and will serve to explain the defiant attitude they were forced to assume. In 1837 the tide of political progress had begun—as in 1873—to ebb: the impulse which had passed the great Reform Bill was beginning to expend itself, and the lassitude which great impulses entail was creeping on. Grote, who in 1832 had been returned to Parliament by the City of London at the head of the poll with a triumphant majority, had in 1837 only distanced his Conservative opponent by a few votes, and in fact his return until the poll-books had been finally cast up, was considered doubtful even by his friends. The *Times*, which was then as now the organ of respectability, timid when society pauses, rash when it is disposed to move, published a leader on the subject of the City election, from which the following extract is taken:—

This gentleman has gained no ground with any class of Liberals in the City of London—yea, he has lost ground. Relatively to Mr. Wood, who is very fit to be a Radical Alderman, but has not wisdom to be anything beyond it; to Mr. Crawford, who is a commonplace jog-trot merchant; and to Mr. Pattison, who has just brains and respectability sufficient to qualify him for a banker's clerk, the showy speechmaker, Mr. Grote, has not so much as trodden upon the heels of any one of them.

Now, we should like our readers to ask themselves wherefore is this stagnation, wherefore this retrogression? Possessed of every personal quality fitted to ingratiate him with his fellow-citizens of London, we must travel out of his social and private character to account for such a phenomenon of a few years' growth. It is therefore to the *political* attributes of Mr. Grote that we have to turn for a solution of the difficulty. Messrs. Wood and Pattison and Crawford are Radicals, it is true—blind, stupid, mill-horses of the Democratic, or, as they fancy it, the Reforming Association. Nobody cares about them, nobody thinks about them;—whether they be in or out of Parliament, they are symbols of nothing—types of nothing; their re-election to the House of Commons, or their exclusion from it, would provoke no particle of speculation as to its causes, or of inference that those causes went beyond mere individual circumstances. But it is not so with Mr. Grote. That hon. gentleman has made himself the frontispiece of a revolutionary code. He has become the representative and the peculiar organ of whatever is most chimerical in theory, most reckless in experiment, most fatal and revolting in hostility to our national institutions. Mr. Grote personifies the *movement* system. He concentrates in himself the destructive principle, of which he is, substantially at least, if not vo-

ciferously, the most obstinate and incorrigible doctrinaire. Mr. Grote is one of those individuals of whom it may with truth be said that the progress of the public mind towards revolution would be most clearly developed as well as demonstrated by their increased authority over it: but that their political downfall or decline could originate in *nothing* else than a general reaction towards Conservatism amongst the people of England. Mr. Grote, if once more a member, which at midnight yesterday we were assured he was not, is still at the flag end of the City poll-book—still *boots* to the metropolitan concern. His station, even if returned for London, proves that there is something rotten in the state of Radicalism, that the principle of everlasting change begins to be abjured by its most zealous idolaters, and that if London does not advance, all the rest of England must ere long be retrograde. We heartily congratulate our countrymen on the decisive efficacy of this first great blow.—p. 117.

This was written five years after the passing of the Reform Bill, twenty years after Grote first felt the influence of Bentham, and joined the Radical ranks. But its tone is a striking index of the mingled feeling of fear and contempt which the Radicals, even in their hour of triumph, inspired. If this was the feeling in 1837, what must it have been in 1820, when Radicalism was considered almost as criminal as treason, and quite as despicable as Dissent? Can we wonder at the defiant tone the Radicals adopted; at the narrowness of their creed; at the brusquerie which distrusted the advances of society, which admitted them only on sufferance to its ranks? We smile as we read Mrs. Grote's pathetic complaint that in the early years of her married life she was compelled to forego the friendships she had made among the aristocracy, by the invincible aversion felt by her husband to everything tinged with aristocratic tastes and forms of opinion; but the feeling was doubtless a sound one, and was the product not of pride but of self-respect. It is pleasing, however, to find that in later years it was softened, and that Grote was an honoured guest at Holland House, at Bowood, and at Windsor; for it shows not so much that the austerity of the Radicals was in the first instance mistaken, but that society had recognized the utility of their efforts, and had appreciated the uprightness of their aims.

Having obtained the sanction of his father to his marriage, Grote set himself patiently to fulfil the conditions which had been imposed. Business and study



—each strenuously and conscientiously pursued—marked as before the tenor of his life. His father steadily discouraged intercourse between his own family and that of the Lewins, and the lovers in consequence seldom met. In order therefore to keep Miss Lewin informed of the progress of his studies and thoughts, he kept a diary which was transmitted to her from time to time. Copious extracts from this diary are given by Mrs. Grote. We regret that we have not space to transfer them to our pages: they are the record of an industrious, patient, studious, and contented life. No word of impatience at the cruel obstinacy of his father escapes Grote, though he is occasionally dispirited by the long delay. He determines manfully to wait without repining, faithfully discharging his duties, and devoting his spare moments to systematic study. The final extracts from his diary will give a faithful picture of his life at this time:—

*Friday, March 26th.*—Rose at 6. Read and meditated Kant for some time; wrote out my observations on foreign trade. Between 4 and 5 some more of Kant. Dined at half past five; played on the bass for one hour; drank tea, and attempted to read some Kant in the evening, but found my eyes so weak that I was compelled to desist, and to think without book. Bed at 11. Journalized last 3 days.

*Saturday, March 27th.*—Rose at 6. Finished my remarks on Foreign trade, and enclosed them to Ricardo. Studied some more of Kant. Went to Falcon Square and to Guildhall this day. Dined at half past five; played on the bass for one hour; just as I was going to drink tea, George Norman appeared, and I was delighted to see him back again. Had some very interesting conversation about Ireland. After his departure I read a chapter in Ricardo's "Pol. Econ." Bed at 11.

*Sunday, March 28th.*—Rose at half past five. Studied Kant until half past eight, when I set off to breakfast with Mr. Ricardo. Met Mr. Mill there, and enjoyed some most interesting and instructive discourse with them, indoors and out (walking in Kensington Gardens), until half past three, when I mounted my horse and set off to Beckenham. Was extremely exhausted with fatigue and hunger when I arrived there, and ate and drank plentifully, which quenched my intellectual vigour for the night. Bed at half past ten.—p. 36.

At last the two weary years came to an end, and George Grote and Harriet Lewin were married in March, 1820, at Bexley Church, Kent. They soon settled in Threadneedle Street, in a roomy house adjoining the bank where Grote's father required that they should live. George was still entirely dependent on

his father, who, though abounding in wealth, granted him but a mean allowance so small as to entail much self-denial on the young couple. Mrs. Grote had been accustomed to a country life, and the confinement of the City soon began to tell on her health; a casual indisposition brought on a premature labour in January, 1821, and Grote's only child, a boy, lived but one week. Puerperal fever followed the premature delivery within three days, and Mrs. Grote's life was despaired of; she rallied however, and slowly recovered; but the effects of her illness lasted for years, and perhaps the violent neuralgic headaches to which she was always afterwards liable, may be traced to the same source.

By the bedside of his wife Grote's first public literary effort, a political pamphlet, was composed.

It purported to be a reply to an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, by Sir James Mackintosh, and was expressly directed against the theory of class representation. As a piece of political controversial writing this work must be allowed a claim to respect, and moreover it is a creditable specimen of nervous correct English: though, as being a maiden essay, naturally over-laboured, and perhaps a trifle heavy in style.—p. 40.

Music, the practice of which he continued till 1830, when it was relinquished for more absorbing pursuits, study unremitting and intense, and an occasional excursion into the country in search of fresh air and healthful exercise, varied the monotony of commercial pursuits and gave a breadth and an intellectual purpose to the life of the secluded couple. They gradually gathered round them a group of friends of high intelligence and capacity, though the charms of society, even of converse with men of congenial pursuits, were never allowed to interfere with the more serious purposes which they both steadily kept in view. Independently of his own special studies which it appears from a letter to Norman in 1823 were beginning to be more directly devoted to the sources of Greek History, Grote undertook to direct the studies of his wife in those branches of knowledge which are generally neglected in a woman's education, "above all logic, metaphysics, and politics;" and their few moments of leisure were given to the society of those who could encourage and stimulate so laborious a life.

George Grote having so little leisure, would not give up his time to any but such associates



as were at once congenial and profitable. The elder Mill came frequently, dining in Threadneedle Street at least once a week; stimulating his younger disciple to continuous labour by his example and encouraging talk. Several eminent persons sought the choice society which from time to time met in that obscure corner of the City, and the influence exercised by their circle came to be felt outside, with gradually augmented power. Mr. David Ricardo, Mr. John Smith, M.P., Mr. John Black (of the "Morning Chronicle"), Mr. Cameron, Mr. Norman, Mr. Thomas Campbell (the poet), Mr. John Austin and his brother Mr. Charles Austin, Mr. John Romilly, Mr. Charles Buller, Lord William Bentinck, Mr. Bickersteth, Mr. Eyton Tooke, John Stuart Mill, John R. Macculloch, several instructed Italian refugees, (M. de Santa Rosa, among others), Mrs. John Austin, and a few other female friends — all these, along with many more whom it is now unimportant to specify by name, contributed to form the society I speak of in Threadneedle Street, from 1822 down to 1830. — p. 42.

Mrs. Grote's health was so shattered by the results of her confinement, that though for a long time Grote had sustained the main burden of the business, and his presence in Threadneedle Street was almost incessantly needed, he found it necessary to take a house in the country, where he could live whenever his duties at the bank permitted. His first residence was at Fortis Green, beyond Highgate, and between this place and Threadneedle Street his time was passed until 1826, when he took another house at Stoke Newington. But the change of residence made no change in his studious habits; he generally rose at six and spent all his spare hours in reading; and it appears from extracts in his diary that he rarely read any work of an important author without taking copious notes and recording his impressions in writing. "The amount of notes, scraps, extracts, and dissertations which he wrote, and the greater portion of which is still preserved, attests the eager appetite for knowledge which devoured him."

But his purpose was beginning to take shape, and the subject of Greek history was already laying hold of his mind; in January, 1823, he writes: —

I am at present deeply engaged in the fabulous ages of Greece which I find will require to be illustrated by bringing together a large mass of analogical matter from other early histories, in order to show the entire uncertainty and worthlessness of tales to which early associations have so long familiarized all classical minds. I am quite amazed to discover the extraordinary greediness and facility

with which men assert, believe, and re-assert, and are believed. The weakness appears to be next to universal, and I really think that one ought to write on the walls of one's dressing-room the caution of the poet Epicharmus —

Νῆφε, καὶ μέμνηο' ὑπιστεῖν ἄρθρα τὰυτὰ τῶν φρένων. — p. 41.

Towards the autumn of the year 1823 Mrs. Grote, hearing the subject of Grecian History frequently discussed at their house in Threadneedle Street, and being well aware how attractive the study was in her husband's eyes, thought it would be a fitting undertaking for him to write a new History of Greece himself; accordingly she propounded this view to George Grote: "You are always studying the ancient authors whenever you have a moment's leisure; now here would be a fine subject for you to treat. Suppose you try your hand!" — p. 49.

Thus was the project conceived which thirty-two years later reached a glorious completion. During the time which elapsed between its first conception and the year 1845, when the first two volumes were given to the world, Grote never lost sight of his object, though his labours were long interrupted by the duties of political life which his fellow-citizens had laid upon him. Notwithstanding the wide range of his previous studies, many years were employed in the laborious preparation of materials, but the first fruits of his inquiries appeared in an article on Mitford's Greece, published in 1825 in the pages of this *Review* to which Mrs. Grote had previously been an occasional contributor.

In 1827 Grote projected a short tour to the Continent, which however, owing to the pressure of his business engagements, was never accomplished. One of his motives was a desire to seek the acquaintance of Niebuhr and to confer with him on the subject of their common historical studies. The two historians unfortunately never met; but Niebuhr, to whom Grote's name had been favourably recommended by his article on Mitford, wrote a most flattering letter from which we make the following extract, as furnishing evidence of the high reputation Grote had already gained as a scholar even beyond the limits of his own country and language: —

To see you, Sir, to converse with you on the noble subject which occupies your leisure hours, and to which you have already shown yourself so eminently qualified to do justice, will be to me a most exquisite gratification. We both may be conscious, without personal acquaintance, that there exists between our

principles and our views of history such a congeniality, that we are called upon to become acquainted, and to connect our labours.

In Greek history, with perhaps a few exceptions of such points as I have been led to investigate, I have only to learn from you. If what I can offer you of the results of my researches about the later periods should contain anything worthy of your attention, I would feel happy and honoured. — p. 53.

In 1827 the first stone of the London University building was laid; Grote, who took to his dying day the keenest interest in this institution, and to whose fostering care not a little of its success was due, was one of the twenty-five members of the first council. Of these twenty-five one only now survives; the veteran statesman, Lord Russell. Much of Grote's time was occupied in attending the meetings of the council, and in getting the details of the Institution into working order. At last, in 1828, it was opened with an inaugural address from Sir Charles Bell, and in a few weeks it attracted as many as 300 students. In the midst of these more congenial labours, the final withdrawal of his father from the banking business, in consequence of a stroke of paralysis, and the disturbed state of the commercial world, overwhelmed him with occupation and interrupted for a time the serious prosecution of his studies. Though keenly interested in political affairs, the pressure of other business, and the love of literary labour, compelled him for the present to hold aloof from active politics. So absorbed was he in business, that his attendance at the Council of the London University had for a season to be suspended; the only recreation he allowed himself is described in the following passage: —

The study of Metaphysics and Mental Philosophy in general had always been one of the favourite pursuits of George Grote. In the winter of 1829, a small group of students in this branch of knowledge resumed the habit begun two years previous, of meeting at George Grote's house on two mornings of the week, at half-past eight A.M.

They read Mr. Mill's last work, "Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind," Hartley on Man, Dutioux's Logic, Whately's works, &c., discussing as they proceeded. Mr. John Stuart Mill, Mr. Charles Buller, Mr. Eyton Tooke (son of Mr. Thos. Tooke), Mr. John Arthur Roebuck, Mr. G. J. Graham, Mr. Grant, and Mr. W. G. Prescott formed part of this class. Mr. George Grote was always present at their meetings, which lasted an hour, or an hour and a half, as time served. — p. 59.

At last, in 1830, Grote found an opportunity to take the holiday he had long since earned and started with his wife for the Continent. The state of the weather deterred them from extending their tour to Switzerland and they only reached Paris, where they made the acquaintance of Charles Comte and Odillon Barrot. From Paris they returned rapidly in consequence of the illness of Grote's father, who died before his son could see him in June, 1830.

Grote now found himself in a position of independence though for a long time to come circumstances prevented him from devoting himself exclusively to his self-appointed task. He became head of the family and inherited the Lincolnshire estate together with a fortune of 40,000*l.*; but the affairs of the banking house still required his aid and he was embarrassed as executor with the administration and settlement of his father's extensive property. He began too to take a more direct interest in public affairs, and the French Revolution of July called forth his most ardent sympathy; he at once opened a credit with his bankers at Paris for 500*l.* for the use of the Committee who took the direction of affairs at the Hotel de Ville as representatives of the popular cause. The Reform agitation in England speedily followed and Grote was drawn into the vortex: still we find Mrs. Grote recording in December, 1830, that in the midst of all his pre-occupations and engagements he had managed to add several chapters to his "History" during the last five months. On February 1, 1831, she writes again as follows: —

The "History of Greece" *must* be given to the public before he can embark in any active scheme of a political kind. I have lately had, at times, a qualm of regret that I originally urged him to the undertaking. The crisis in public affairs is arrived more quickly than I then anticipated; but his reputation must be created by the "opus magnum" (as John Mill calls the "History"), and after it shall have reflected a literary renown upon its author, he may hope to derive an importance in the public eye adequate to sustain him in a political course. — p. 67.

A few weeks later he was strongly pressed to put himself forward as member for the City; but after consulting with his friends he decided to refuse, though he gave willing support, personal and pecuniary, to the Liberal candidates.

In those days it was impossible not to

feel keenly on politics; and though Grote must have felt that his true sphere of activity was literature, and though he continued to work steadily at his History, he could not refrain from taking an active part, at least with his pen, in the struggle for Reform. He addressed a letter to Earl Grey, earnestly deprecating any modification in the Bill; for "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," had now become the cry from one end of the country to the other. At last the Bill was passed, and though Grote had previously shunned the struggle he now felt that his time was come, and that he was called upon to share the triumph of his friends. In June, 1832, he announced himself a candidate for the City of London in an address which formulated the Radical programme of the day. Parliamentary Reform to be completed by the adoption of Vote by Ballot and Triennial Elections, an inquiry into the constitution and revenues of the Church of England, the Abolition of Tithes, the removal of the Taxes on Knowledge, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the extension of Education, and the elevation of the Labouring Classes, are the chief measures to which he promises his support. In his hesitation about the East India Company we may probably trace the influence of the Mills, while his cautious reserve about the Bank of England, and his solicitude for the trade of the City, are doubtless inspired partly by the prudence of the banker, and partly by consideration for the constituency he was anxious to represent. After an exciting contest Grote was returned by a triumphant majority at the head of the poll.

The course of the History was now interrupted by the necessity of preparing for an active political life. Badgemoor, the house Grote had inherited from his father, had been sold in 1831, and in 1832 a house was purchased at Dulwich Wood which was considered not too far from London for the purpose of Grote's Parliamentary and commercial engagements. It was decided by several of his friends that Grote should be the person to undertake the Ballot question in the ensuing Session of Parliament, and much of the intervening time was spent by him in preparing his speech on the subject. He took lodgings close to the House of Commons, and spent there four or five days in each week, returning to Dulwich on Sundays, where he was generally joined by several of his political friends.

With the first Session of the Reformed

Parliament begins what we have called the second period of Grote's life.

A laborious youth, a studious manhood, and habits of seclusion, were the leading features of George Grote's personal life, up to the winter of 1832. That "volume," so to speak, is about to close, and a new one to commence of a very different character. His entrance upon public life came somewhat hurriedly, owing to the impetuous tide which forced him to step upon the stage earlier than he could have wished; but there was, for him, no drawing back, and Grote accordingly "girded up his loins" for the task which awaited him.

He had just completed his 38th year, and was consequently in the prime of manhood. His health was good, he had no children, and, though by no means free from burdensome obligations of the business kind, he calculated upon the possession of sufficient time to enable him to justify the expectations of his constituents, and the confidence of his friends. — p. 82.

Soon after Parliament met Grote gave notice of his motion on the Ballot for which he had been so long preparing. The debate was fixed for an early day in March, and it was the first occasion on which he addressed the House. He was heard attentively by a crowded house, and when he sat down, after speaking for more than an hour, he was greeted with cordial cheers which lasted several minutes. "The speech was immediately printed and circulated, and the Ballot question received an impulse which seemed to reach the farthest corners of the empire, judging from the letters which followed upon the debate." Grote's friends had every reason to be satisfied with his Parliamentary debut, and he was speedily recognized by the Press as one of the leaders of his party in the House of Commons. The impression he made may be estimated from the following extract: —

I may here mention in reference to this period that some twenty years later, the late Lord Broughton, talking with Mrs. Grote respecting the public career of her husband, used these words, "I have been in Parliament all my life, have listened to the orators of the century, Mr. Canning among the rest, and I long ago made up my mind that the two best speeches I ever heard within those walls were (1) Macaulay's speech on the Copyright question, and (2) Grote's first speech on the Ballot; in this opinion (Lord Broughton added) the late Speaker, Mr. James Abercrombie, concurred with me." — p. 84.

It is not necessary that we should dwell at length on Grote's Parliamentary career: it is the portion of his life which is well-known from sources independent of Mrs. Grote's book, and, viewed in the light of

his subsequent history, it can but be regarded as a deviation from his appropriate course, an inevitable sacrifice to the stirring exigencies of the times. Still it is not without its importance, for through it Grote acquired that practical converse with great affairs, that familiarity with the working of free political institutions, that ready tact of the statesman, which stood him in such good stead when he came to deal with the political problems of antiquity. He was re-elected in 1835, and again in 1837, though on this last occasion he stood last on the poll, and only distanced his Conservative rival by a score of votes. He remained to the last a sturdy champion of the Radical programme, and he proposed annually his motion on the Ballot, though the support he received gradually diminished. The great impulse of 1832 was rapidly spending itself, and the Radical party found itself constantly dwindling in numbers and diminishing in influence. In 1836 Mrs. Grote writes:—

Mr. Grote, and about five others, find themselves left to sustain the Radical opinions of the House of Commons. One evening, after all other guests had departed, Sir W. Molesworth and Charles Buller remained late at our house, talking of the present aspect of affairs. "I see what we are coming to, Grote," said Charles Buller; "in no very long time from this, you and I shall be left to 'tell,' Molesworth!"—p. 111.

Still Grote maintained his strenuous activity and gave a powerful support to the great Liberal measures which occupied the attention of Parliament. He gave up his house at Dulwich Wood and established himself in Eccleston Street in order to be nearer to the scene of his labours; and during the Parliamentary recess he sought relaxation more than once in Continental travel. Of course his severer studies suffered serious interruption from his close attention to public affairs, and the History was perforce laid on the shelf for a time. But his interest in literature, though dormant, was not extinct. About the year 1835 he made the acquaintance of Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Cornewall Lewis, and laid the foundation of a friendship which in after years was cemented into the closest intimacy by similarity of tastes and pursuits. Some of the most interesting letters in Mrs. Grote's volume are those which Grote wrote to Lewis during the composition of his History.

After his third election Grote speedily began to feel, partly from a change in

his own sentiments, and partly from a gradual decline in political enthusiasm, that it was time for his Parliamentary career to draw to a close. In 1838 Mrs. Grote writes:—

Grote is disheartened at the course taken by the Liberal party, so much so, that he turns wistful eyes upon his long-neglected books, and tries to solace his wounded spirit by communion with the sages and heroes of yore.—p. 126.

And we find in letters and extracts that his interest in speculation and study was beginning to revive. He writes to Sir W. Molesworth:—

Have you read Comte's "*Traité de Philosophie Positive*," of which a third volume has just been published? It seems a work full of profound and original thinking, and will be of service to you when you come to appreciate the physical and mathematical orbit of Hobbes. I am sorry to say, however, that I do not find in it the solution of those perplexities respecting the fundamental principles of geometry which I have never yet been able to untie to my own satisfaction. Nor can I at all tolerate the unqualified manner in which he strikes out morals and metaphysics from the list of positive sciences.—p. 129.

In 1840 he is closely engaged in the systematic study of Aristotle: "The more I read of Aristotle, the more I am impressed with profound admiration of the reach of thought which his works display." The following extract from a letter to Lewis shows also the direction of his reviving studies at the same period:—

Since you departed from London, I have been reading some of Kant's "*Kritik der reinen Vernunft*," a book which always leads me into very instructive trains of metaphysical thought, and which I value exceedingly, though I am far from agreeing in all he lays down. I have also been looking into Plato's "*Timæus*" and "*Parmenides*," and some of Locke, and have been writing down some of the thoughts generated in my mind by this philosophical *mélange*. I think it is somewhat to be regretted that the ancient distinction between *Form* and *Matter*, and the use of those two technical terms (which is necessary to preserve the idea of the distinction), has been so much discontinued of late years, so that the use of the words now is not understood, and subjects a man to the imputation of being crabbed and pedantic. It is really a most important distinction, and one without which the *Methodus* of any large subject can never be comprehended; always, however, remembering that it is a distinction *purely logical*, and that the severance between the two cannot take place in reality. The two words are correlatives: neither *Matter* can exist without *Form*, nor *Form* without *Matter*; but yet the logical distinction is of the highest

value, and pervades the whole mental process in philosophy—*Matter*, that which is not classified nor distributed, but is susceptible of being so; *Form*, that which classifies and distributes it, and constitutes the basis of *Denomination*. In the treatises of formal Logic, the Predicables occupy exclusive attention, to the exclusion of this correlation of *Form and Matter*, which is, in point of fact, presupposed, before the distinction of Genus and Species can be arrived at.

Sensation seems to me to constitute all that can be called the *Matter* of our knowledge, as contradistinguished from its *Form* (both in *ordination* and in *combination*), which is something distinct from the elements of sense; this is the grand and primary distribution in all metaphysical analysis.

The word *Class* has of late years been in part substituted for *Form*; but there, unluckily, the word *Class* has no correlate like *Matter*, and without such a word as *Matter*, the thorough import of *Form*, and the application of the formative or classifying process cannot be thoroughly understood. When I see you, I shall be glad to converse with you about this matter a little more in detail. It is a subject on which one can hardly talk intelligibly in a few words.—pp. 134, 135.

In 1841 Parliament met in January, and during the debate on the Address Grote, in almost his last speech, made a powerful attack on the foreign policy of the Government; but a general election was impending, and Grote shortly afterwards announced his intention of retiring from the representation of the City.

He had for some time recognized the inutility of devoting his best faculties to the maintenance in office of a party which he conceived to have failed to entitle itself to the approbation of sincere Liberals; and he felt indisposed to remain as one of so very small a number as now constituted the Radical cluster—public life being, to men like himself, only sweetened by the consciousness of performing effective service, and by sharing the sympathy of others bent on similar objects.—p. 140.

In June of the same year he was replaced by Lord John Russell, while two of the other seats for the City were occupied by Conservative candidates. After spending the summer months in close attention to his banking affairs Grote set off in October with his wife for a prolonged tour on the Continent, which extended as far as Naples. They returned to England in April, 1842, taking Paris in their way, where they happened to be present at the reception of their friend, Alexis de Tocqueville, as a member of the Academy.

After another spell of work at the bank, Grote settled down in the autumn of the

same year at a residence which he had lately acquired at Burnham Beeches and applied himself steadily to his long-neglected studies. The first fruits of his hard-earned leisure appeared in an essay on Niebuhr's "Griechische Heroen Geschichten," which was published in this *Review* in May, 1843.

This article, wherein the collected store of Grote's long and assiduous studies on the subject found a vent, was written with uncommon zest, and he anticipated with lively curiosity the effect it would produce on the learned world. It broke ground, avowedly, in the field which he proposed to enter upon yet more seriously in his *History*, and served as a kind of foretaste of the treatment of those remote ages in preparation for his readers.

This striking essay, well known to all scholars, excited great attention at the time, and has repeatedly been referred to since, as a most finished piece of learned, critical inquiry.—p. 152.

In the summer of 1843 Grote determined to retire from the banking-house of Prescott, Grote, and Co. with which he had been connected for nearly thirty years. He was now working hard at his *History*, devoting at least eight hours a day to its composition, and he felt that all other considerations became secondary to this main object. His fortune was ample and secure, though it was diminished in amount by his retirement; but he had now found and was bent on realizing his life's purpose without let or hindrance. He received on his retirement a most gratifying letter of farewell from the clerks in his employ.

From this time forward the history of Grote's life is the history of his works; and it is to this period that the passage from Goethe, which Mrs. Grote quotes, on the death of his father, may be more appropriately applied:—

All men of elevated nature, in the course of their development, acquire the consciousness that they have a double part to play in the world—an actual and an ideal; and in this feeling the ground of all nobleness is to be looked for.

Man is, with regard to his higher destiny, always the subject of internal uncertainty until he, once for all, determines to regard that as the right course which is adapted to his character and abilities.—p. 62.

In 1847 he visited Paris where he made the acquaintance of Auguste Comte:—

M. Comte was scarcely known to any one with whom we habitually consorted. He attracted, in fact, little or no attention; inso-



much that some of our friends, MM. Cousin and F. Arago among the number, appeared to wonder what pleasure we could find in the company of this obscure uncouth person. He was, at this period, employed as mathematical examiner at the "Ecole Polytechnique" in Paris; a post of which the government thought fit to deprive him, not long afterwards.

Mr. Grote found M. Comte's conversation original and instructive, and on returning to London he became active in promoting the circulation of M. Comte's works, as being calculated to expand the circle of speculative investigation among English students.—p. 153.

We have already seen that Grote had been greatly attracted by Comte's speculations, and it is well known that he together with Sir W. Molesworth and Mr. Raikes Currie contributed generously to the support of the philosopher when he was deprived of his post by the French Government; but it does not appear that he was ever a sworn disciple of Positivism; his attitude towards it was similar to that of Mill—one of friendly and appreciative criticism; in a letter of later date addressed to Lewis, we find the following remarks—the interest of the subject will excuse the length of the extract:—

In Comte's fifth volume there is a great deal which is as unsatisfactory to me as it is to you. In his speculations respecting what he calls *sociology* and the progress of society, I find more to dissent from than to agree with. I respect very much his conception of philosophical method, especially with reference to the physical sciences; but his views respecting history and the moral sciences are, in my judgment, on many points faulty and untenable. I agree with you in thinking that "an *abstract history*," independent of time, place, and person, is a chimera. But there are, nevertheless, certain general conditions and principles, common to all particular histories, and which are essential to enable us to explain and concatenate the facts of every particular history. These general principles and conditions of human society may be presented by themselves, with illustrations from this or that particular history. In this way you may have what may be called (very improperly, I think) an *abstract history*, or, what I should call, a philosophy of history.

John Mill says more in praise of Comte's speculations on history than I think they deserve. You say you have no distinct notion of *fetichism*, as representing a stage of the human mind. I have (at least so it seems to me) a very distinct notion of it, but I doubt very much, as matter of fact, whether it ever constituted so marked a stage of the human mind as Comte would make out. His affirmations on this point,—positive beyond all reasonable estimate of the existing evidence,—indicate that he has

not himself got rid of that tendency which he so justly condemns in others—the hankering to divine the mysteries of inchoate or primordial man, where there is no torch to light up the dark cavern.

I agree with you also in thinking that much of what he says about polytheism is fanciful and incorrect. Think of a man assuming it as an *attested fact* (*un fait capital*, v. 254) that Thales actually taught the Egyptian priests to measure the height of the pyramids by the length of the shadows! I set little value upon what he says respecting polytheism and monotheism: but I agree entirely with his classification of the two stages of the human mind, *l'état théologique* (either polytheistic or monotheistic), and *l'état positif*, together with what he calls *l'état métaphysique*, to form a bridge between them, and I think he has the merit of having set forth the radical antithesis and incompatibility between these two modes of interpreting phenomena better and more emphatically than it had ever been done before. He keenly feels and clearly perceives where it is that religion traverses and perverts the interpretation of physical phenomena. But as to *moral* or *social* phenomena, he recognizes no standard except his own taste and feeling; and this has been passively adopted, in him, from the Catholic teaching of his youth, though he has eliminated all the religious *échafaudage* with which it was once connected.

What he calls *progress* is often, in my judgment, change for the worse, and the general indications which he holds out of what is to be aimed at (for he never sets down or defends *any* rational standard) are just what you would hear from a Catholic priest, always excepting the religious doctrines. His morality is the commonplace of Catholic divines of the present day—divinizing chastity, and making light of individual prudence; and he applies this standard to judge of the morality of Athens and Rome, as if all the points on which they differed from it were points of comparative corruption.

Moreover, I do not at all trust his knowledge of the *facts* of history. He has never gone through any careful study of the evidence nor ever read anything beyond the expositions of Bossuet and Montesquieu, and a few such others—certainly men deserving of much respect, but by no means to be implicitly followed, and both immersed in that Catholic atmosphere which Comte takes to be the *true Olympus*, or region of pure air, to which the moral man has at length ascended, and beyond which he cannot and ought not to aspire. Comte has banished the *Gods*, but he breathes and extols their atmosphere of morality as if it were purity itself. I do not know whether you will understand or follow the remarks which I have made on Comte; the subject is almost too wide to be touched on in a letter.—pp. 203–205.

In January, 1845, the first two volumes of the "opus magnum," as it was playfully called by Grote's friends, were ready



for the press, but it was not till March, 1846, that they were given to the world by Mr. Murray.

Grote was unusually agitated and curious as to the result. He had not long to wait, however; for the perusal of these original and learned disquisitions upon the early history and legends of the ancient Greeks awakened among students and literary societies the liveliest impression. From all sides congratulation and eulogy flowed in upon the author; insomuch that he himself now began to entertain something like confidence in the success of his long cherished work. Thus I became, for once, witness of a state of feeling on his part approaching to gratified self-love, which at times would pierce through that imperturbable veil of modesty habitually present with him.—p. 163.

The work, as it well deserved, was most favourably received. George Lewis and Hallam among the author's friends were delighted with it, and the latter declared that its reception and appreciation by scholars was one of the most striking facts within his literary experience. Unelated by his sudden success Grote at once set himself to renew his labours with such assiduity that the third and fourth volumes made their appearance in April, 1847. Volume succeeded volume in rapid succession, considering the wide extent of ground to be covered and the vast mass of materials to be digested. The fifth and sixth came out in 1848, the seventh and eighth in 1850, the ninth and tenth in 1852, the eleventh in 1853, and the work was finally completed by the publication of the last volume at the end of 1855. Thus ten years had been devoted to the composition and publication of this great work; but it was the result of a long life of study, and many years had, as we have seen, been previously spent in its preparation. Grote's reputation as a scholar, already high, had been enormously raised during the publication of the work. In 1853, when his name was already reckoned in the first rank of European scholars, the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on him by the University of Oxford at the installation of Lord Derby as Chancellor. It was Grote's first visit to Oxford, and it is pleasing to find that the impression which he carried away from the University, whose learning he had done so much to revive, was a pleasant one.

Grote, personally, was a *little* nervous on finding himself in the thick of the Academic throng for the first time in his life; all the circumstances of his own literary career having

run in a channel so distinct from that in which college men travel, he felt like a stranger introduced into the privileged fraternity. But I am bound to add that he returned from Oxford full of grateful and complacent feelings; the cordial welcome given to the non-academic scholar seemed to tell upon his mind, whilst his classic taste was moved to lively relish by the few sentences of elegant Latin addressed to him on his reception, by Lord Derby, of which he expressed much admiration.—p. 216.

The ten years during which Grote was chiefly engaged in the composition of his *History* were not spent in absolute seclusion: his retirement from business had rendered him master of his time, and though his application to work was continuous yet he occasionally found leisure for intellectual and social converse with his friends.

Grote never deviated from his system of daily labour; he retired after breakfasting at 9 A.M., to his library, whence he rarely emerged until the afternoon hours. His guests always respected his studious ways, and accepted the pleasure of his company with all the more relish, since it was limited in its measure.—p. 170.

He continued to live at Burnham, first at his house at the Beeches, and afterwards at a small cottage which he had built out of the profits of his literary work and which had come to be called in consequence "History Hut." Here, and at his house in London (he removed from Eccleston Street to Savile Row in 1848), he received much society, including Jenny Lind and Mendelssohn, with both of whom a warm friendship was established during their visits to England. In 1847 he undertook a solitary journey to Switzerland.

The dissensions between the Cantons appeared to him so curiously to resemble those which went on in the old Grecian world between neighbouring "states," that he resolved to make a personal investigation of the actual facts. Taking a letter or two of introduction to some individuals, persons of importance in Aargau and Appenzell, but advisedly refusing those offered to him addressed to leaders of either party, George set forth, quite alone, at the beginning of July, for Geneva.

I received a letter from him, within a fortnight after his arrival in Switzerland, containing an outline of the "situation" of the contending parties; and it seemed to me so striking and instructive, that I sent the letter for publication to the *Spectator*. Another followed at no long interval, which duly appeared in that excellent paper.

After Grote's return, he judged it desirable to add to these first statements his general impressions of the civil war, and in the autumn we printed the whole series—Newby of

Mortimer Street being our publisher. Some months subsequent to this volume's appearance, Mr. Newby was applied to one morning by Lord Palmerston's private secretary, for a copy of the "Letters on Switzerland." "Have not a copy left, sir!" "Well, but you *must* get me one somehow or another." "Wherefore so urgent, sir?" "Because," replied the Secretary, "Lord Palmerston, being at Windsor yesterday, Prince Albert manifested unusual earnestness on the subject of Swiss disputes, and soon asked Lord Palmerston whether he had read Grote's little book. Lord Palmerston replied he had not seen it. 'Then,' said the Prince, 'you cannot be qualified to enter fairly upon the discussion of the affairs of Switzerland; pray go and study it directly.'"—pp. 175, 176.

Mrs. Grote's pages devoted to this period of her husband's life are full of interest; Grote was now in the zenith of his fame and was surrounded by friends of mark in literature, politics, and society. But his own life was tranquil and uniform and furnishes little of note to the reader save the friendships which adorned it. We cannot refrain from extracting the generous tribute paid by the venerable Bishop of St. David's, himself a Historian of Greece of no mean fame, to the more elaborate work of his old schoolfellow:—

I must reproach myself for having allowed you to remain so long in any degree of uncertainty as to my opinion of your work; but I have found it easier to express it to others than to yourself.

I will now only say that my expectations, though they had been raised very high, were much more than fulfilled by your first two volumes; and in its progress the work appears to me to have been continually rising, not perhaps in merit, but in value. And when I consider that the most interesting part of your subject lies still before you, I cannot doubt that the feelings of admiration and delight with which I have hitherto accompanied it, will grow stronger and stronger as it proceeds.

I should have been ashamed of myself if those feelings could have been stifled or abated by my necessary consciousness of the great inferiority of my own performance.

When I reflect on the very unfavourable condition of a gradually enlarged plan and other adverse circumstances under which it was undertaken and prosecuted, I may well be satisfied with that measure of temporary success and usefulness which has attended it, and can unfeignedly rejoice that it will, for all highest purposes, be so superseded.—pp. 173, 174.

Grote's incessant labour only increased as the work drew to a conclusion, for the excitement of finishing his great undertaking irresistibly drew him on. Mrs.

Grote thus chronicles the end of all the toil:—

I remember that I had a bowl of punch brewed at Christmas for our little household at History Hut, in celebration of the completion of the "opus magnum;" Grote himself sipping the delicious mixture with great satisfaction whilst manifesting little emotion outwardly, though I could detect unmistakable signs of inward complacency as I descanted upon "the happiness of our living to see this day," and so forth.—p. 224.

I have presumed, [says Gibbon,] to mark the moment of conception; I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.\*

These two passages mark with emphatic contrast the tone and the temper of the two historians. Gibbon in his *berceau* at Lausanne calmly contemplating nature, Grote at History Hut sipping with great satisfaction a "delicious mixture" of punch.

No sooner was the history completed, than Grote set himself to prepare for the second part of his great design, an account of the Philosophy of Plato; but he consented to afford himself a short recreation and holiday, of which no doubt he stood greatly in need, and started with Mrs. Grote for a short tour in France and North Italy, in the spring of 1856. In the winter of 1857-8, he became a member of "The Club," an association of literary men which, founded in the time of Johnson, still survives: it was only by a sort of playful stratagem suggested to Lord Overstone by Mrs. Grote that the Historian was induced to allow himself to be nominated a member; but he gradually became attracted by the meetings where he found as he said "the best literary *talk* to be had in London."

\* Smith's Gibbon, vol. i. 117.

In 1858, while staying at St. Germain's for the benefit of his wife's health, he was attacked by a painful inflammation of the eyes, which for the time forced him to suspend all literary labour.

The only drawback to me—and a terrible drawback it was—presented itself in the shape of an inflammation of my eyes, the exterior membrane called the *conjunctiva*. For nearly a month I could neither open a book nor take up a pen: even in the open air I was obliged to wear a shade, and could see very little. I was made keenly to feel the value of good vision to an intellectual man, and the justice of that Greek tragic metaphor by which *blatēon* is used as equivalent to *ἔμψυχον*.—p. 243.

In 1859 being anxious to try the experiment of living in the country the Grotes took and occupied Barrow Green House, which had formerly belonged to Bentham; here they entertained many friends during the two succeeding winters, though the work on Plato was prosecuted with little interruption. Grote had been nominated in 1859 a trustee of the British Museum, occupying a vacancy which had been caused by the death of his friend Hallam, and his attendance at the meetings, which was always very regular, afforded him useful relaxation from his more serious mental exertions. In 1861 he refused in the interest of his studies the pressing request of his friend Sir G. Lewis, at that time Home Secretary, that he would extend his sphere of public duty by taking a place on a Commission of Inquiry which was about to be appointed: his letter to his friend is so characteristic that we extract a considerable portion of it.

The Commission of Inquiry to which you allude in your note is one of importance, and one to which it would be an honour to belong; but I regret very sincerely to say that I cannot serve on it.

My reason is simply this: I am already a member of three administrative Boards, which, taken together, absorb quite as much of my time as I can possibly abstract from study. On all of them I attend regularly, and perform an active part; for I have always had strong objection to being enrolled on a Board and not attending to it regularly; and, in point of fact (as you know well), members who do not attend *regularly* might as well not attend at all.

The three Boards are, the British Museum—the University of London—University College. The two last of the three I cherish especially, because they openly proclaim and sincerely carry out the principle of purely secular instruction, literary and scientific,—without any reference to religion. In the British Museum also I take a warm interest, partly

from the same absence of the religious element, partly from the great force of positive association with its prodigious treasures of art, literature, and science. Last month, when the Standing Committee were re-elected, and when the attendances of all the members for the past year were numbered and laid on the table, my number of attendances were thirty-two exceeding that of any other trustee.

You will easily understand that the total amount of my time taken up by these three Boards is very considerable, seeing that I not only regularly attend, but assume as much of the initiative as becomes me. I have the satisfaction of feeling, too, that I exercise as much influence as I can reasonably pretend to. In this respect an Administrative Board conveys much more satisfaction than a Board of Inquiry, in which latter, after all, you end only in recommendations, and the *best* recommendations are never carried out.

My work on Plato and Aristotle proceeds, but it proceeds much more slowly than I like; and if I undertake any more public duties I fear it will hardly proceed at all. At my age, I cannot count on a long continuance of mental energy.—p. 251.

As it was, his close attention to public business and to study seriously affected him, and he went to Barrow Green in June, 1861, thoroughly out of health. Country air, quiet, and medical treatment soon restored him however, and after a round of visits in the autumn he resumed his labours as before. In 1862 he was strongly urged by his friend John Mill to join him in a projected tour in Greece. The temptation must have been a powerful one; to visit the scenes with which in thought he was so familiar in the company of one of his most cherished friends was an attraction which it required some fortitude to resist. But his age and his health forbade him to think of so long and exhausting a journey, and he felt himself reluctantly compelled to forego the proffered enjoyment. Age was coming upon him, and his one anxiety and care was to be spared to complete his "Trilogy," as he was wont to call the History, and the projected works on Plato and Aristotle. In April, 1863, his beloved friend Sir George Lewis died, and Grote was plunged in grief, for the devoted friends were fellow-labourers in the same field, and had lived in the closest communion of study and reflection. In order to revive his spirits, Mrs. Grote proposed that they should accept an invitation from Dr. Stanley, now Dean of Westminster, to pay him a visit in Oxford. Grote consented, though with reluctance, for he was always averse to social exertion, and several happy and

memorable days, to which Grote always reverted with pleasure, were spent in Oxford. We have not space to extract the account of the visit, which is extremely interesting, but Mrs. Grote's summary of her conversation with Oxford teachers may be given :—

Grote and Mill may be said to have revived the study of the two master sciences—History and Mental Philosophy—among the Oxford undergraduates. A new current of ideas; new and original modes of interpreting the past; the light of fresh learning cast upon the peoples of antiquity; such are the impulses given by those two great teachers, that our youths are completely kindled to enthusiasm towards both at the present time.—p. 268.

In 1864 Grote was elected a Foreign Member of the Institute of France in the place of Lord Macaulay; this was a distinction which he highly prized not only for itself but for the flattering letters of congratulation which he received from personal friends as well as from distinguished Continental *savans*. Another and a last change of country residence took place at this time. Barrow Green had been found too far from London and had been disposed of, and now a house near Albury Park, ultimately called "The Ridgway," was selected by Mrs. Grote and purchased by her husband. In the spring of 1865 the long-expected volumes on Plato were published, and while the work was greeted enthusiastically by the author's friends, it was favourably received by independent scholars. Mill wrote a notice of it which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and attracted much attention. We shall speak of this work more at length when we have brought our account of Grote's life to a close.

There remains little more to tell. Grote was now advanced in years, and the inevitable end could not be far distant, but he did not abate his labours. Even before the Plato was published he set to work on Aristotle, for he felt that his time was growing short.

No sooner had the Plato been completed, and the printing begun, (viz. in Sept. 1864), than the author "set the loom" afresh for his Aristotle. Scarcely permitting himself breath, as it were, he applied his spare hours to the preparation of the third part of what he used to call "my trilogy."—p. 277.

As is well-known, this last work was never completed, and English scholarship much has suffered an irretrievable loss. Much of the material on which it would

have been based had no doubt been long since collected; for we have seen that even before the publication of his History Grote had been an ardent student of Aristotle's works. But the Aristotelian literature, ancient and modern, is of itself almost the study of a lifetime, and we can but admire the indomitable spirit which urged Grote in his seventieth year, though fully aware of its extent, to undertake so gigantic a labour. It would appear from the posthumous fragment, which has been edited by the historian's friends Professors Bain and Robertson, that he had accomplished before his death much of the preliminary labour, and had made some progress in his account of the separate treatises of his author, though none of his work had received his final revision. But he frequently interrupted the course of his labours to prepare special dissertations on various points, more or less connected with his main purpose—such as "Realism and Nominalism," "The Epicureans and Stoics," "The Doctrine of Common Sense," "The *De Animâ*," of Aristotle—to be published in the works of his friend Professor Bain. In this last paper we probably have the most valuable results of Grote's Aristotelian studies; indeed it is evident from the following passage that it was so regarded by himself :—

Over and above the contributions to Mr. Bain's "Manual," already enumerated, the paper, or whatever it may be called, on Aristotle's *De Animâ*, occupied Grote's studious hours for not less than eight months; thus suspending the course of his main work for an equal period. To my affectionate remonstrances against his over-generous sacrifice of time and labour in the service of another man's books, he would reply, that, in elaborating the subject for Mr. Bain, he was in some sort enlarging his own conceptions, and acquiring a greater mastery of the field on which he hoped to enter later on his own account. Once he said, with a slight accent of solemnity, "Should I not live to complete my Aristotle, those who follow me will find, in my paper on the *De Animâ*, the soul and essence of that great Philosopher's thought and speculations, and they will be assisted to work out the vein for future students by what I have done before them."

In truth, I feel a profound conviction that Grote himself regarded these 70 pages (they occupy this space, as reprinted from "The Senses and the Intellect" of Bain, in the published volumes of his Aristotle, 1872) of the *De Animâ* as the purest product of his own mental crucible. Never had he bestowed more intense, more sustained meditation, on any piece of intellectual work, than was con-

centrated upon this favourite *morceau*. It was so absorbing, that he would even familiarly talk about it when we were taking our walk together. I could plainly perceive, in short, that he felt inwardly conscious of having hung up his shield in the Temple of Philosophy, when he completed this paper. — p. 293.

We can scarcely share Mrs. Grote's regret that his own special work was interrupted for the preparation of this paper; for it is but too probable that had he not for the sake of Professor Bain's treatise taken the subject out of its proper order, it would never have been reached at all, and its omission would have been a serious loss to all students of Aristotle.

The year 1866 was marked for Grote by the controversy concerning the Chair of Logic at University College. This controversy raged violently at the time, and Grote was in the thick of the fray; but it is happily well-nigh forgotten now nor do we feel disposed to revive its memory. Perhaps neither party gained much credit from the struggle; and we know not whether least to admire the conduct of Mr. Martineau's supporters who would have preferred the suppression of the chair to the nomination of his rival, or that of his opponents who veiled their distrust of his philosophical teaching under the technical objection that he was an Unitarian minister, and a theological professor in a totally independent institution. To Grote, the life-long champion of that school of philosophy which Mr. Martineau had often so powerfully opposed, the question at issue seemed to be a vital one, and he perhaps forgot his habitual fairness in the ardour of so keen a struggle: inductive philosophy was to him what orthodoxy is to a theologian.

In 1868 Grote's health was manifestly giving way, though he still continued his close attention both to study and to public business. In the following year his medical adviser recommended a course of the Homburg waters, and they were tried but only with injurious effect. In the autumn of the same year the offer of a peerage was made to him in the most flattering terms by Mr. Gladstone; but Grote "respectfully, yet *very decidedly*" declined it on the ground that he was unwilling to extend the area of his public duties:—

I am engaged in a work on Aristotle, forming a sequel to my work on Plato: and as I am thoroughly resolved to complete this, if health and energy be preserved to me, I feel

that (being now nearly seventy-five) I have no surplus force for other purposes.

When I was in the Commons formerly, I well remember the dissipation of intellectual energy which the multifarious business of legislation then occasioned to me. I must therefore now decline a seat in the House of Lords, for the same reasons which have induced me, more than once, to decline the easy prospect of a renewed seat in the Commons. — p. 307.

Grote did not live to see the Ballot become the law of the land; but he lived to change his own opinion on the question which he had been the first to raise in the region of practical politics. In 1870, when the Ballot agitation was beginning to be renewed, the following conversation with his wife is reported:—

"Well, then, you will have lived to see your own favourite measure triumph over all obstacles, and you will of course feel great satisfaction thereat?"

"I should have done so had it not been for the recent alteration in the suffrage. Since the wide expansion of the voting element, I confess that the value of the Ballot has sunk in my estimation. I do not, in fact, think the elections will be affected by it, one way or another, as far as party interests are concerned."

"Still, you will at all events get at the genuine preference of the constituency in choosing their candidate."

"No doubt; but then, again, I have come to perceive that the choice between one man and another, among the English people signifies less than I used formerly to think it did. Take a section of society, cut it through from top to bottom, and examine the composition of the successive layers. They are much alike throughout the scale. The opinions, all based upon the same social instincts: never on a clear or enlightened perception of *general interests*. Every particular class pursuing its own, the result is, a universal struggle for the advantages accruing from *party* supremacy. The English mind is much of one pattern, take whatsoever class you will. The same favourite prejudices, amiable and otherwise; the same antipathies, coupled with ill-regulated, though benevolent efforts to eradicate human evils, are well-nigh universal: modified, naturally, by instruction, among the highly educated few; but *they* hardly affect the course of out-of-doors sentiment. I believe, therefore, the actual composition of Parliament represents with tolerable fidelity the British people. And it will never be better than it is, for a House of Commons cannot afford to be above its own constituencies in intelligence, knowledge, or patriotism." — pp. 312, 313.

The ardour and enthusiasm of the old Benthamite radical is here softened by the maturer wisdom of the philosophic historian, and we find that on other points his opinions had considerably changed.



He would own, not however without a mournful tone and manner, in 1870, that "I have arrived at the conviction that it will never be possible to govern Ireland otherwise than as a conquered country." He never shared the keen sympathy of his friend Mill with the cause of the North in the American Civil War, and in 1867 his views on Republican institutions were expressed as follows:—

I have outlived my faith in the efficacy of republican government regarded as a check upon the vulgar passions of a majority in a nation, and I recognize the fact that supreme power lodged in their hands *may* be exercised quite as mischievously as by a despotic ruler like the first Napoleon. The conduct of the Northern States, in the late conflict with the Southern States, has led me to this conclusion, though it costs me much to avow it, even to myself. — p. 314.

"Those who knew George Grote," Mrs. Grote justly remarks, "will appreciate the homage rendered to reason when, in deference to its force he could bring himself to put aside the long-cherished impulses of his generous nature."

His sympathy and love for France received a rude shock from the wanton declaration of war in 1870, for he could not persuade himself that France was in the right; but as the war went on he was extremely pained by the cruel reverses which France had to suffer.

Though now a very old man, Grote's health remained substantially unimpaired till the end of 1870; but he was able to endure less continuous study than before and indulged more freely in sleep during the intervals of his labours. His intellectual vigour was undimmed though his power of continuous work was diminished. One of his last public acts was to maintain by his advocacy and vote the integrity of classical studies at the London University against a motion proposing to render Greek optional at the Matriculation Examination brought forward by Mr. Hutton. He had always been a strenuous opponent of the anti-Humanists on the University Council. The rejection of Mr. Hutton's motion was no unfitting close to his active connection with the institution he had so loved and cherished.

In November, 1870, Grote took a chill while sitting for his portrait in Mr. Millais's studio, and this was the beginning of the end. He long refused to consider himself an invalid, but his health was gradually failing, and though with

returning spring he was able to quit his house, and even once or twice to attend to business, yet the hand of death was upon him. On the 18th of June he died tranquilly and painlessly at his house in Savile Row. On the 24th of June he was buried, in accordance with the request of his friends, in Westminster Abbey, his funeral being attended by a throng of scholars and statesmen. His resting-place is near that of Gibbon. "I selected the spot in the south transept," wrote the Dean of Westminster, "in what Fuller calls the 'learned side' of Poets' Corner. Camden and Casaubon look down upon the grave, and Macaulay lies a few feet distant."

Thus lived and thus died one of the first of English scholars. Uneventful as his life was, it reads throughout the great lesson of blameless integrity of purpose, and earnest devotion to noble objects. We have written the foregoing pages to little purpose if it has not been made abundantly clear that here was a life, not splendid in fame, but solid in achievement, not stirring in adventure, but happy in its contented peace, and informed and beautified by the disciplined enthusiasm of its unwearied activity. Our account of it may be most fitly concluded with the beautiful and touching lines of Chaucer, which Mrs. Grote writes, as it were, on the grave of her husband:—

And though that he was worthy, he was wise,  
And in his port as meek as is a maid.  
He never yet no vilanie ne said,  
In all his life, unto no manner wight.  
He was a very parfit gentle knight.

We have left ourselves but little space for an account of the works which were the fruit of Grote's lifelong labours, and anything like an adequate critical estimate of them is at present quite out of the question. Perhaps, however, we may be permitted very briefly to indicate the view which such an estimate should in our judgment adopt, and to illustrate that view by a few quotations from the works themselves.

The "History of Greece" has been described as a pamphlet in twelve volumes in defence of democracy. There is about as much truth in this as there is in such epigrammatic judgments generally, for it sets in not undeserved prominence one, but only one, of the special characteristics of the work. Grote, as we have seen, was an ardent politician, and a foremost disciple of that school which, under the guidance of Bentham, was des-



tined first to divert and then to direct the current of political thought in England. Though all the immediate followers of Bentham were able and most of them learned in their own special line, Grote was probably the only distinguished classical scholar amongst them. So, while Austin and Romilly devoted themselves to law, the Mills, father and son, to logic and mental philosophy, the sphere of history and of classical antiquity fell naturally to Grote, whose early studies, as we have seen, had taken, not exclusively, but chiefly, that direction. To this must be added the fact that the "History of Greece" had been written by one of Grote's immediate predecessors, not merely with political bias, but with violent political passion in the anti-democratic sense. It was Grote's task to redress the balance, and to show how history could be written by a man of strong political feeling in such a way that, while his sympathies were manifest, his judgments and conclusions could rarely be impugned. The result resembles less the pleading of an unscrupulous advocate, paid to make the best of his case and at the worst to blacken his opponent's character, than the summing up of an upright judge, whose decision points to a certain verdict because the facts of the case demand it. We may see the difference in a moment by comparing Mitford's work with that of Grote. Whatever may be the value of the purely historical narrative of Mitford (and there can be no doubt that he was a learned scholar) no one would dream for a moment of paying any attention to his political judgments. On the other hand, all students of Greek history must confess that, valuable as is the whole of Grote's history, its political judgments are incomparably its most valuable part. Its learning, prodigious as it is, is matched by many an obscure German, and is drawn largely from German sources; its style, to say the least, is simple, and is surpassed by more than one historical writer of far inferior eminence; but it is the work of a political philosopher and of a statesman conversant with great affairs, who never concealed his political sympathies, though he rarely, perhaps never, allowed them to obscure his judgment. Hence political sagacity is the glory of Grote, as political passion was the shame of his predecessor. The following remarks by one well qualified to judge, so admirably illustrate this view, that we cannot refrain from quoting them:—

Grote himself was a great German scholar, and all the *learning* on which his History is founded, is almost exclusively drawn from German sources. I lay stress upon the word "learning," because there are many valuable parts of Mr. Grote's history which are certainly English, and personal to himself. In talking of his work with Germans, I have always found them take this tone: they consider it a most valuable work, and it is one of their main school books. They say, "The learning is nothing new to us; it is all derived from German sources. We can put our hands upon everything that he says in previous German works; but as a member of the English Parliament, as a citizen of a free country, and an imperial country, having lived in great circumstances, and having himself taken part in great affairs, he stands at a point of view which no comparatively enslaved and confined German could ever reach." They consider his work immensely valuable for that reason, because he, as a citizen of a free country, was better able to understand the times, we may say of Pericles and the republicans of Athens, than any German could do who has been a political serf.\*

This gives accurately the "note" of the "History of Greece," the sagacity of the statesman sustained by the learning of the scholar. Athenian democracy lives again in the pages of Grote. We look in vain, it is true, for the consummate art which adorns the page of Gibbon,† for the almost religious enthusiasm which inspires the pen of Arnold; but the vivid portraiture of institutions and of men, the vigorous realistic imagination which recalls antiquity into life, the single-minded honesty of purpose—these give to the work, in the eyes of earnest students, an irresistible and inexhaustible charm. We select two passages in which these qualities are conspicuously manifested.

One of the most extraordinary events in all Grecian history, says Grote, was the mutilation of the Hermæ, which took place at Athens just before the departure of the Sicilian expedition during the Peloponnesian war. In one night all the images of the Hermæ throughout the city were found to have been defaced. The consternation of the citizens was intense, and the historian thus estimates the effect of the sacrilege on the religious imagination of the Athenians:—

\* Report of Parliamentary Committee on Oxford and Cambridge Universities Education Bill. July, 1867.—Evidence of Dr. W. C. Perry, p. 249.

† It is worthy of note that Grote, in a conversation with Mrs. Grote reports, while doing full justice to Gibbon's massive learning, his conspicuous impartiality and his other historical merits, expresses great dissatisfaction with his style.

It is of course impossible for any one to sympathize fully with the feelings of a religion not his own; indeed the sentiment with which in the case of persons of different creeds, each regards the strong emotions growing out of causes peculiar to the other, is usually one of surprise that such trifles and absurdities can occasion any serious distress or excitement. But if we take that reasonable pains, which is incumbent on those who study the history of Greece, to realize in our minds the religious and political associations of the Athenians—noted in ancient times for their superior piety, as well as for their accuracy and magnificence about the visible monuments embodying that feeling, we shall in part comprehend the intensity of mingled dismay, terror, and wrath, which beset the public mind on the morning after this nocturnal sacrilege, alike unforeseen and unparalleled. Amidst all the ruin and impoverishment which had been inflicted by the Persian invasion of Attica, there was nothing which was so profoundly felt or so long remembered as the deliberate burning of the statues and temples of the Gods. If we could imagine the excitement of a Spanish or Italian town, on finding that all the images of the Virgin had been defaced during the same night, we should have a parallel, though a very inadequate parallel, to what was now felt at Athens—where religious associations and persons were far more intimately allied with all civil acts and with all the proceedings of every-day life—where too, the God and his efficiency were more forcibly localized, as well as identified with the presence and keeping of the statue. To the Athenians, when they went forth on the following morning, each man seeing the divine guardian at his doorway dishonoured and defaced, and each man gradually coming to know that the devastation was general,—it would seem that the town had become as it were godless—that the streets, the market-place, the porticos, were robbed of their divine protectors; and what was worse still, that these protectors, having been grossly insulted, carried away with them alienated sentiments, wrathful and vindictive instead of tutelary and sympathizing. It was on the protection of the gods that all their political constitution as well as the blessings of civil life depended; insomuch that the curses of the gods were habitually invoked as sanction and punishment for grave offences, political as well as others; an extension and generalization of the feeling still attached to the judicial oath. This was, in the minds of the people of Athens, a sincere and literal conviction,—not simply a form of speech to be pronounced in prayers and public harangues, without being ever construed as a reality in calculating consequences and determining practical measures. Accordingly they drew from the mutilation of the *Hermæ* the inference, not less natural than terrifying, that heavy public misfortune was impending over the city, and that the political constitution to which they were at-

tached was in imminent danger of being subverted.\*

This has always seemed to us one of the happiest efforts of Grote's historical imagination. In the passage we are about to quote, we shall find no less eminently displayed the soundness of his historical judgment.

The severe and impartial Thucydides in his account of the disastrous failure of the Athenian expedition to Syracuse treats with unwonted tenderness the failings of Nicias the commander-in-chief of the expedition. There is no doubt that Nicias was an amiable and an honest man, but there is unfortunately as little doubt that the disaster at Syracuse was largely due to his incapacity. In ordinary times and under circumstances of less urgent responsibility his character would have redeemed or at least veiled his incapacity; but not even his tragic death nor the dishonour with which the Athenians visited his memory can excuse the historian who is blind to his conspicuous demerits. It is greatly to the credit of Grote that he had the good sense and the courage to reverse the judgment of Thucydides.

The opinion of Thucydides deserves special notice in the face of the judgment of his countrymen. While he says not a word about Demosthenes beyond the fact of his being put to death, he adds in reference to Nicias a few words of marked sympathy and commendation. "Such, or nearly such (he says), were the reasons why Nicias was put to death; though *he* assuredly, among all Greeks of my time, least deserved to come to so extreme a pitch of ill-fortune, considering his exact performance of established duties to the divinity."

If we were judging Nicias merely as a private man, and setting his personal conduct in one scale, against his personal suffering in the other, the remark of Thucydides would be natural and intelligible. But the General of a great expedition, upon whose conduct the lives of thousands of brave men, as well as the most momentous interests of his country, depend, cannot be tried by any such standard. His private merit becomes a secondary point in the case, as compared with the discharge of his responsible public duties, by which he must stand or fall.

Tried by this more appropriate standard, what are we to say of Nicias? We are compelled to say that if his personal suffering could possibly be regarded in the light of an atonement, or set in an equation against the mischief brought by himself on his army and

\* "History of Greece," vol. v. p. 147 (edition in 8 vols.).

his country, it would not be greater than his deserts. . . . Admitting fully both the good intentions of Nikias, and his personal bravery, rising even into heroism during the last few days in Sicily—it is not the less incontestable, that first, the failure of the enterprise,—next, the destruction of the armament—is to be traced distinctly to his lamentable misjudgment. Sometimes petty trifling—sometimes apathy and inaction—sometimes presumptuous neglect—sometimes obstinate blunders, even to urgent and obvious necessities—one or other of these, his sad mental defects, will be found operative at every step whereby this fated armament sinks down from exuberant efficiency into the last depth of aggregate ruin and individual misery. His improvidence and incapacity stand proclaimed, not merely in the narrative of the historian, but even in his own letter to the Athenians, and in his own speeches both before the expedition and during its closing misfortunes, when contrasted with the reality of his proceedings. The man whose flagrant incompetency could bring such wholesale ruin on two fine armaments entrusted to his command, upon the Athenian maritime empire, and ultimately upon Athens herself, must appear on the tablets of history under the severest condemnation, even though his personal virtues had been loftier than those of Nikias.

And yet our great historian, after devoting two immortal books to this expedition—after setting forth emphatically both the glory of its dawn and the wretchedness of its close, with a dramatic genius parallel to the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophokles—when he comes to recount the melancholy end of the two commanders, has no words to spare for Demosthenes (far the abler officer of the two, who perished by no fault of his own), but reserves his flowers to strew on the grave of Nikias, the author of the whole calamity.—“What a pity! Such a respectable and religious man!”\*

We have said that grace of style is not the most conspicuous merit of Grote's work; but there is a straightforward simplicity about his manner of writing, which sustains the reader's interest and keeps his attention alive. The passages quoted above are no unfavourable specimens of this his habitual mode of work. Who that has ever read them can forget the manly defence of Cleon, the vigorous criticism of the popular view of the Sophists, the noble portrait of Socrates, and the matchless disquisitions on the growth of the Athenian constitution? Most of these it is true, are points which have more interest for the critical student than for the general reader: but the scale on which the History is constructed makes it altogether a book rather for stu-

dents and scholars than for a wider circle of less instructed readers. That it is not however incapable of attracting the attention and even stirring the imagination of men whose ordinary pursuits and interests are widely removed from scholarship, the following passage from Mrs. Grote's book most completely shows:—

Sir William Gomm served for some time in India, and indeed had been commander of the forces there. Being at Simla, he occupied himself with the study of Grote's “History of Greece,” having got hold of the first five volumes. He was so absorbed in the book, that he made copious notes upon portions of it; which notes I have since had the privilege of reading, and Mr. Grote also looked through them. The observations and comments indicate an attentive following of the author's text, especially in connexion with the military incidents, on which Sir W.'s remarks are pertinent and even instructive. He said he had burned with desire to go and view the site of the battle of Marathon with Grote's book in his hand. “It has been objected,” I observed, “by critics, that the story of Marathon was too coldly narrated in Grote.”

“Not at all!” replied the veteran, “it is excellently told, and I have read it over often with delight.”

When I mentioned my conversation with Sir William Gomm to Grote, he obviously felt flattered at finding he had stirred up so much enthusiasm in the old soldier's breast by his description of that immortal combat. The author and his admirer met more than once afterwards, and exchanged conversation with mutual interest; “the Greeks” being the chief topic of course.—p. 298.

It was not without misgiving that the admirers of the “History of Greece” heard that its author was about to turn his attention to the philosophy first of Plato and secondly of Aristotle. For it was not known then, as we have learnt since, how prominent a position speculative literature had occupied in Grote's early studies, and it was even doubted whether the qualities of mind which he had shown in his previous work were exactly those which would qualify him as a successful expositor and critic of Plato. Still the chapters on the Sophists and on Socrates in the History and a pamphlet which had been published on the cosmogony of the Timæus of Plato sufficed to show that Grote would bring his habitual soundness of judgment and his unrivalled industry and learning to the elucidation of a subject, which had been rather forced upon him as a branch of his main purpose, than chosen by him as one to which his powers were specially adapted. When the second part of the

\* “History of Greece,” Vol. v. p. 306, (edition in 8 vols.).

"Trilogy," the work on Plato, was published, it was found that these anticipations were realized. Regarded as the work of a professed historian, as an excursus or supplement to his main treatise, the "Plato" is a remarkable success, but it is scarcely entitled to the almost unqualified admiration which every candid student will yield to the History itself. The style is distinctly inferior—less finished, more involved and diffuse, resembling more the outpouring of a well-filled note book than the harmonized issue of sustained reflection. Of Plato's thoughts and teachings we have an adequate picture, and many criticisms, all acute, some profound, of his distinctive doctrines; but of the man himself, his ethereal charm, his exquisite grace, his subtle humour, his distinction, his urbanity, scarcely a trace; all has vanished in the crucible of a destructive analysis. It may be urged that this is inevitable; but Professor Jowett has shown in his masterly and exquisite introductions to the Dialogues of Plato, translated by him, that it is not so: and though his graceful deference to his "father Parmenides" withholds him from direct criticism of Grote's work, his own more finished performance is an indirect criticism which is all the more telling because it is unintentional. The fact is that though Grote's studies lay at one time in the direction of poetry and imaginative literature, yet the æsthetic side of his mind was the side which if not the least cultivated at any rate bore the least fruit; and to the critic of Plato, the æsthetic faculty is that which, next to a sound judgment, is unquestionably the most indispensable. Moreover Grote had early adopted the tenets of a somewhat narrow philosophy, and he never entirely shook himself free from the trammels of pure Benthamism, a philosophy which however adequate within its legitimate sphere, is scarcely coextensive with the whole of human life. That Mill, the stern and passionate advocate of morality at all costs, should consider his friend's criticism on the "Republic" as the most striking part of the whole work fills us, we confess, with astonishment; it appears to us, on the contrary, that in the chapter entitled "Remarks on the main Thesis" (of the "Republic") the inadequacy of Grote's criticism and the insufficiency of his views, are most clearly manifest. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," is the burden of

Plato's teaching; and it can scarcely be considered an adequate answer to say, as Grote substantially does, that if he redeem his soul a man may reasonably expect to inherit the world as well and that the expected inheritance is an indispensable motive to the sacrifice.

Still, with all its drawbacks, the "Plato" is a great and notable work, and a worthy sequel to the "History of Greece." The same qualities are manifested in both,—sober and acute judgment, massive and profound learning, sound common sense and transparent honesty, though, as we have said, these furnish a less adequate equipment for the critic of philosophy than for the general historian. We can only permit ourselves space for a single extract—not so much a brick from a house, as a stone from a quarry, for the work is rather a collection of materials than a finished building. Grote is analyzing the Greek conception of *Nómos* :—

This aggregate of beliefs and predispositions to believe, ethical, religious, æsthetic, social, respecting what is true or false, probable or improbable, just or unjust, holy or unholy, honourable or base, respectable or contemptible, pure or impure, beautiful or ugly, decent or indecent, obligatory to do or obligatory to avoid, respecting the status and relations of each individual in the society, respecting even the admissible fashions of amusement and recreation—this is an established fact and condition of things, the real origin of which is for the most part unknown, but which each new member of the society is born to and finds subsisting. It is transmitted by tradition from parents to children, and is imbibed by the latter almost unconsciously from what they see and hear around, without any special season of teaching, or special persons to teach. It becomes a part of each person's nature—a standing habit of mind, or fixed set of mental tendencies, according to which, particular experience is interpreted and particular persons appreciated. It is not set forth in systematic proclamations, nor impugned, nor defended: it is enforced by a sanction of its own, the same real sanction or force, in all countries, by fear of displeasure from the Gods, and by certainty of evil from neighbours and fellow citizens. The community hate, despise, or deride, any individual member who proclaims his dissent from their social creed, or even openly calls it in question. Their hatred manifests itself in different ways, at different times and occasions, sometimes by burning or excommunication, sometimes by banishment or interdiction from fire and water; at the very least, by exclusion from that amount of forbearance, goodwill, and estimation without which the life of an individual becomes insupportable: for society, though its power to make an individual happy

is but limited, has complete power, easily exercised, to make him miserable. The orthodox public do not recognize in any individual citizen a right to scrutinize their creed, and to reject it if not approved by his own rational judgment. They expect that he will embrace it in the natural course of things, by the mere force of authority and contagion as they have adopted it themselves: as they have adopted also the current language, weights, measures, divisions of time, &c. If he dissents, he is guilty of an offence described in the terms of the indictment against Sokrates. "Sokrates commits crime, inasmuch as he does not believe in the Gods, in whom the city believes, but introduces new religious beliefs," &c. "Nomos (Law and Custom), King of all" (to borrow the phrase which Herodotus cites from Pindar), exercises plenary power, spiritual as well as temporal, over individual minds; moulding the emotions as well as the intellect, according to the local type—determining the sentiments, the belief and the predisposition in regard to new matters tendered for belief, of every one—fashioning thought, speech, and points of view, no less than action—and reigning under the appearance of habitual, self-suggested tendencies. Plato, when he assumes the function of Constructor, establishes special officers for enforcing in detail the authority of King Nomos in his Platonic variety. But even when no such special officers exist, we find Plato himself describing forcibly (in the speech assigned to Protagoras), the working of that spontaneous, ever-present police, by whom the authority of King Nomos is enforced in detail, a police not the less omnipotent, because they wear no uniform, and carry no recognized title.\*

Of the "Aristotle" we have neither space nor inclination to speak at length; it is a fragment, a torso, and from the broken outlines that remain we can but faintly conjecture what the finished work would have been. It is matter for sincere regret that Grote thought himself called upon to devote his attention to Plato before he began to work on Aristotle, for there can be little doubt that the turn of his mind would have rendered him a better critic of Aristotle than he could ever have been of Plato. It is the more to be regretted, perhaps, that having reached Aristotle he spent his energies on the somewhat unprofitable technicalities of the later treatises of the "Organon," and postponed, till it was too late, the consideration of those ethical and political treatises, whereon rare political experience and his unrivalled knowledge of Greek life would have entitled him to speak with the authority of a master. But it was

not to be. The "Ethics" and "Politics," those matchless works whose wisdom is never exhausted, have missed a commentator whose like we shall long seek in vain.

One word in conclusion. It is the distinction of England among the nations of Europe that, outside her academical ranks, and independently of her professional teachers, there have always been found a few men in every generation, able and willing to devote themselves to mature study and research unsupported by endowment and unstimulated by the hope of gain. We may look in vain in England for the all-pervading activity in every department of thought which marks the Universities of Germany, for the august but exclusive Academy which rules the literature of France. But neither France nor Germany can show a parallel to the Grotes, the Mills, the Darwins, the Spencers—to that academy without restrictions, to that university without endowments, which rules the thoughts and moulds the destinies of England.

From The Graphic.

#### INNOCENT:

##### A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "SALEM CHAPEL,"  
"THE MINISTER'S WIFE," "SQUIRE ARDEN," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### A BEREAVED HUSBAND.

I WILL not attempt to describe the state of the house out of which Innocent had fled—the dismal excitement of all the attendants, the sudden turning of night into day, the whole household called up to help where no help was possible, and the miserable haste with which the two men, of whose lives Amanda was the centre and the chief influence, came to the room in which she lay beyond their reach. Batty, roused from his sleep, stupid with the sudden summons and with the habitual brandy and water which had preceded it, stumbled into the room, distraught, but incapable of understanding what had befallen him; while Frederick, stunned by the sudden shock, came in from the room where he had been dozing over a novel, and pretending to write letters, scarcely more capable of realizing the event which had taken place in his life than was his father-in-law. It was only when the doctor came, that any

\* "Plato," vol. i. p. 249.



one of the party actually believed in the Death which had thus come like a thief in the night. After he had made his dismal examination he told them that the sad event was what he had always expected and foretold. "I have warned you again and again, Mr. Batty," he said, "that in your daughter's state of health any sudden excitement might carry her off in a moment." There was nothing extraordinary in the circumstances, so far as he knew, or any one. The often-repeated passion had recurred once too often, and the long-foreseen end had come unawares, as everybody had known it would come. That was all. There was no reason for doubt or inquiry, much less suspicion. The glass which had fallen from the dead hand had been taken away, the black stain on the coverlid concealed by a shawl, which Auntie in natural tidiness had thrown over it. Poor Batty, hoarsely sobbing, calling upon his child, was led back to his room, and with more brandy and water was made to go to bed, and soon slept heavily, forgetting for an hour or two what had befallen him. With Frederick the effect was different. He could not rest, nor seek to forget in sleep the sudden change which had come upon his life. He went out into the garden, in the broad, unchanged moonlight, out of the sight of all the dismal bustle, the arrangements of the death-chamber, the last cares which poor Auntie, weeping, was giving to the dead. The Dead! Was that his wife? Amanda! She whom he had wooed and worshipped; who had given him rapture, misery, disgust, all mingled together; who had been the one prize he had won in his life, and the one great blight which had fallen upon that life? Was it she who was now called by that dismal title? who lay there now, rigid and silent, taking no note of what was done about her, finding no fault? Frederick stood in the moonlight, and looked up at her window with a sense of unreality, impossibility, which could not be put into words; but a few hours before he had been there, with his little cousin, glad to escape from the surroundings he hated, from Batty's odious companionship, from Amanda's termagant fits. He had felt it a halcyon moment, a little gentle oasis which refreshed him in the midst of the desert which by his own folly his life had become. And now—good heavens, was it true? in a moment this desert was past, the consequence of his folly over, his life his own again to do something better

with it. The world and the garden, and the broad lines of the moonlight, seemed to turn round with him as he stood and gazed at the house and tried to understand what had come upon him.

It may be thought strange that this should have been the first sensation which roused him out of the dull and stupefying pain of the shock he had just received. Frederick was not a man of high mould to begin with, but he was proud and sensitive to all that went against his self-love, his sense of importance, his consciousness of personal and family superiority—and he had the tastes of an educated man, and clung to the graces and refinements of life, except at those moments which no one knew of, when he preferred pleasure, so-called, to everything, moments of indulgence which had nothing to do with his revealed and visible existence. He had been wounded in the very points at which he was most susceptible, by Amanda and her belongings. She, herself, had been an offence to him even in the first moments of his passion, and, as his passion waned and disappeared altogether; what had he not been compelled to bear? He had brought it upon himself, he was aware, and he had believed that he would have to bear it all his life, or most of his life. And now, in a moment, he was free! But Frederick was not unnatural in exultation over his deliverance. The shock of seeing her lying dead upon that bed, the strange pitiful remorseful sense which every nature, not wholly deadened, feels at sight of that sudden blow which has spared him and struck another—that sudden deprivation of the "sweet light," the air, the movement of existence which we still enjoy, but which the other has lost—affected him with that subduing solemnity of feeling which often does duty for grief. How could any imagination follow Amanda into the realms of spiritual existence? Her life had been all physical—of the flesh, not of the spirit; there had been nothing about her which could lead even her lover, in the days when he was her lover, to think of her otherwise than as a beautiful development of physical life, a creature all made of lovely flesh and blood, with fascinations which began and ended in satiny gloss and dazzling colour, in roundness and brightness, and softness and warmth. What could he think of her now? She had gone, and had left behind all the qualities by which he knew her. Her voice was silent, that one gift



she possessed by which she could call forth any emotion that was not of the senses ; with it she could rouse a man to fierce rage, to wild impatience, to hatred and murderous impulses ; but that was silent, and her beauty was turned into marble, a solemn thing that chilled and froze the beholder. What else was there of her that her husband could think of, could follow with his thoughts ? Her soul—what was it ? Frederick had never cared to know. He had never perceived its presence in any secret moment. But he was not impious, nor a speculatist of any kind ; he indulged in no questions which the most orthodox theologian could have thought dangerous. He tried even to think piously of his Amanda as passed into another, he hoped a better, world ; but he stood bewildered and saddened on that threshold, not knowing how to shape these thoughts, nor what to make of the possibility of spiritual non-bodily existence for her. He could not follow her in idea to any judgment, to any heaven. He stood dully sad before the dim portals within which she had passed, with a heavy aching in his heart, a blank and wondering sense of something broken off. He was not without feeling ; he could not have gone to bed and slept stupefied as did the father who had lost the only thing he loved. A natural awe, a natural pang, were in Frederick's mind ; he felt the life run so warm in his own veins, and she was dead and ended. Poor Amanda ! he was more sorry for her than he was for himself. The anguish of love is more selfish ; it is its own personal loss, the misery of the void in which it has to live alone, which wrings the heart. But Frederick, for once, felt little for himself. To himself the change was not heart breaking ; he was free from much that had threatened to make his life a failure ; but for once his mind departed from selfish considerations. He was sorry for her. Poor Amanda ! who had lost all she cared for, all she knew.

This is not a bitter kind of grief, but so far as it went it was a true feeling. He had more sympathy with his wife in that moment than he had had throughout all their life together. Poor Amanda ! it might be that he had gained, but she had lost. I need not say what a different, far different, sentiment this was, from that which feels with an inevitable elevation of anguish that she, who is gone, has gained everything and that it is the survivor whose loss is unspeakable, ir-

remediable. Frederick's loss was not irremediable. But he was sorry, very sorry for *her* ; the tears came into his eyes as he thought of the grave, and the silence, for Amanda. Poor Amanda ! so fond of sound, and bustle, and motion ; so confident in her own beauty ; so bent upon gratification—all taken away from her at a stroke. He looked up at her window through his tears ; the flickering lights had been put out, the movement stilled ; no more shadows flitted across the white blinds ; the windows were open, the place was quiet, one small taper left burning—the room given over to the silence of death. And all this in a few hours ! It was then the middle of the night, three or four o'clock ; he had been wandering there a long time, full of many thoughts. When he saw that all was still, he went back softly to the house. He had nowhere to go but to the little parlour in which he had been writing, where he threw himself on the sofa to get a few hours' rest ; and then it suddenly occurred to him to think of Innocent. Where was she ? how had she disappeared out of that scene of consternation and distress ? Frederick was cold and weary ; he had wrapped a railway rug round him, and he could not now disturb himself and the house to inquire after his cousin. She must have gone to bed before it happened, he said to himself. He had not seen her, or heard her referred to, and doubtless it had been thought unnecessary to call her when the others were called. No doubt she was safe in bed, unconscious of all that had happened, and he would see her next morning. Thus Frederick assured himself ere he fell into a dreary comfortless doze on the sofa. Nothing could have happened to Innocent ; she was safe and asleep, no doubt, poor child, slumbering unconsciously through all these sorrows.

It was not till late next morning that he found out how it really was. Neither Aunt nor anyone else entertained the slightest suspicion that Innocent had anything to do with Mrs. Frederick's death. She had disappeared, and no one thought of her in the excitement of the moment. The very maid who had seen her leave the house had not identified the figure which had appeared and disappeared so suddenly in the moonlight. She thought first it was a ghost, and then that it was some one who had been passing and had been tempted to look in at the open door. In the spent excitement of the closed-up house next

day—it was Sunday, most terrible of all days in the house of death—when the household, shut up, in the first darkness, had to realize the great change that had happened, and the two men, who had been arbitrarily drawn together by Amanda were thrown upon each other for society in the darkened rooms, at the melancholy meals, with no bond whatever between them—Frederick asked, with a kind of longing for his cousin. “Is Miss Vane still in her room? Is she ill?” he asked of the maid who attended at the luncheon which poor Batty swallowed by habit, moaning between every mouthful.

“Miss Vane, sir? oh, the young lady. She went away last night when—when it happened,” answered the maid.

“Went away last night? Where has she gone?” cried Frederick, in dismay.

“That none on us knows. She went straight away out of the house, sir, the next moment after—it happened,” said the maid. “She was frightened, I suppose, poor young lady. She took the way to the Minster, up the street. It was me that saw her. I didn’t say nothing till this morning, for I thought it was a ghost.”

“A ghost! My poor Innocent!” said Frederick. “Did she say nothing? Good heavens! where can the poor child have gone?”

He started up in real distress, and got his hat.

“Stay where you are,” said Batty. “You are not going out of my house this day, and my girl lying dead. My girl!—my pretty ‘Manda!—none of them were fit to tie her shoes. Oh Lord, oh Lord! to think an old hulk like me should last and my girl be gone! You don’t step out of my house, mind you, Eastwood—not a step—to show how little you cared for my girl, if I have to hold you with my hands.”

“I have no desire to show anything but the fullest respect for Amanda,” said Frederick; “poor girl, she shall have no slight from me; but I must look after my little cousin. Miss Vane trusted her to me. My mother will be anxious—”

“D—Miss Vane,” said poor Batty, “d—every one that comes in the way of what’s owed to my poor girl, my pretty darling. Oh, my ‘Manda, my ‘Manda! How shall I live when she’s gone? Look you here, Frederick Eastwood, I know most of your goings on. I know about that cousin. You shan’t step out of here, not to go after another woman, and the breath scarce out of my poor girl.”

“I must know where Innocent has gone,” cried Frederick, chafing at this restriction, yet moved by so much natural emotion as to hesitate before wounding the feelings of Amanda’s father. “I have little wish to go out, Heaven knows; but the poor child—”

“I will find out about the child,” said Batty; and Frederick did not escape till the night had come again, and he could steal out in the darkness to supplement the information which Batty’s groom managed to collect. Innocent had been seen by various people in her flight. She had been watched to the shadow of the Minster, and then to the railway, where nobody had seen her go into the train, but which was certainly the last spot where she had been. Frederick was discomposed by this incident, more perhaps than became a man whose wife had died the day before. He could not leave the house in which Amanda lay dead to follow Innocent; but in his mind he thought a great deal more of her than of his wife on the second night of his bereavement. Where was she—poor, innocent, simple-hearted child? He sent a messenger to the High Lodge, hoping she might be there. He felt himself responsible for her to his mother, to Miss Vane, to all who knew him. As it was Sunday, however, he had no means—either by post or telegraph—to communicate with his mother. He had to wait till morning, with burning impatience in his mind. Poor Innocent! how his heart warmed to the little, harmless, tender thing, who had nestled to him like a child, who had always trusted him, clung to him, believed in him. Nothing had ever shaken her faith. Even his marriage, which had detached many of his friends from him, had not detached her. She had believed in him whatever happened. I have said that Frederick had always been kind to Innocent. It had not indeed always been from the most elevated of motives; her supposed love for him had pleased his vanity, and he had indulged himself by accepting her devotion without any thought of those consequences to her which his mother feared; he had, indeed, believed as firmly as his mother and her maids did, that Innocent was “in love” with him—and instead of honourably endeavouring to make an end of that supposititious and most foolish passion he had “encouraged” Innocent, and solaced himself by her childish love. But through all this vanity and self-complacency there had been a thread of

natural affection, which was perhaps the very best thing in Frederick, during that feverish period of his life which had now suddenly come to an end. He had always been "fond of" his little cousin. Now this tender natural affection came uppermost in his mind. Real anxiety possessed him — painful questionings and suspicions. Where had she fled to in her terror? She was not like other people, understanding how to manage for herself, to tell her story, and make her own arrangements. And then there was the strange alarming fact that though she had been seen to enter the railway station she had not gone away, so the officials swore, by any train, and yet had disappeared utterly, leaving no trace. It seemed natural enough to Frederick that she should have fled in terror at thus finding herself face to face with death. Neither Aunty, nor the maids had as yet sufficiently shaped their recollections to give a very clear idea as to the moment at which poor Amanda died, and no one knew how deeply Innocent was involved in that terrible moment. But yet no one wondered that she had "run away," partly because the excitement of the great event itself still possessed the house, and partly because the girl's abstracted visionary look impressed upon all vulgar spectators a belief that "she was not all there," as the maids said. She was supposed to be a little "weak," even at the High Lodge, where her piety had procured for her a kind of worship. That she should be driven wild by fright and should fly out of the house seemed no wonder to any one. Frederick lay awake all night thinking of her; he could not turn his thoughts to any other subject. How soon the mind gets accustomed to either gain or loss when it is final! Twenty-four hours before, his brain had been giddy with the awful thought that Amanda was dead, that the bonds of his life were broken, and that she who had been his closest companion, the woman he had loved and loathed, had suddenly and mysteriously departed from him, without notice or warning, into the unseen. The shock of this sudden interruption to his life had for the moment disturbed the balance of earth and heaven; in that terrible region of mystery between the seen and the unseen, between life and death, he had stood tottering, wondering, bewildered — for a moment. Now, after twenty-four hours, Amanda's death was an old, well-known tale, a thing that had been for ages; it was herself who

began to look like a shadow, a dream. Had she really been his wife, his fate, the centre of his life, colouring it wholly, and turning it to channels other than those of nature? Already this began to seem half incredible to Frederick — already he felt that his presence in Batty's house was unnatural; that he was a stranger altogether detached from it and its disagreeable associations, waiting only for a point of duty, free from it henceforward for ever. He was there "on business" only, as any other stranger might be. And his whole mind was now occupied by the newer, more hopeful mystery, the fate of his cousin. Poor little Innocent! how sweet she had always been to him, how soothing in her truth and faith. Perhaps in the halcyon time to come, free of all the bonds which his folly had woven round him, might he not reward Innocent for her love? If he could only be sure she was safe — if he but knew where she was!

Early on the Monday morning he rushed to the telegraph-office to communicate with his mother, and ascertain if she had gone home. How he chafed at his bondage here, and that he could not go to satisfy himself, to secure the poor child's safety! No one, however, who saw Frederick with his melancholy aspect passing along the street had any suspicion that Amanda's memory was treated with less "respect" than that of the most exemplary of wives. The village was full of the sad story, and people looked at him curiously as he passed. Poor fellow, how he seemed to feel it! and no doubt she was very pretty, and men thought so much of beauty. Frederick's solemn aspect gained him the sympathy of all the villagers. They spoke more tenderly of Batty's daughter when they saw the bereaved husband. No doubt it had been a love match on his side at least, and whatever her faults might have been it was dreadful to be taken so young and so sudden! Thus Sterborne murmured sympathetically as Frederick went to send off his telegram, with very little thought of his wife, and a burning impatience to escape from all her belongings, in his heart.

He went to the railway before he went back, to ask if any further information about Innocent had been obtained. The early train from town had just arrived, and to his astonishment he was met by his mother, looking very pale, anxious, and almost frightened, if that could be. "Mother, this is kind," he cried, rushing

up to her, touched for the moment by a sudden sense of the faithful affection that never failed him; and then he added, hurriedly, "Innocent! is she with you? do you know where she is?"

"She is safe at home," said Mrs. Eastwood, with a heavy sigh.

"Thank God!" he cried; and it did not occur to him that his mother did not share his thankfulness, and that the cloud on her face was more heavy than any he had before seen there through all her troubles.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### MRS. EASTWOOD'S INVESTIGATION.

"I FEEL for you very deeply," said Mrs. Eastwood. "It is a terrible calamity. Your child whom you hoped would close your eyes, whom you never thought to see taken before you——"

"She was the apple of my eye," said poor Batty, sobbing. Except when he stupefied himself with drink, or rushed into his business, and swore and raged at every one round him, which were the only ways he had of seeking a momentary forgetfulness, the man, coarse and sensual as he was, was tragic in his grief. "There was never one like her, at least to me. I do not say but she might have been faulty to others; but to her old father she was everything. I thank you from my heart for this respect. You mightn't be fond of my girl, while she lived. I ask no questions. It was because you didn't know her—how could you?—like I knew her, that have nursed her, and have doted on her from a baby; but thank you all the same for the respect. It would have gone to her heart—my poor 'Manda! Oh, ma'am, the beauty that girl was! I never saw anything to come nigh to her. Her temper was quick, always hasty, ready with a word or a blow—but always the first to come round and forgive those that had crossed her. My life's over, my heart's broken. I don't care for nothing, horses nor houses, nor my garden, nor my bit of money—nothing, now she's gone."

"Indeed, I feel for you very deeply," said Mrs. Eastwood, "and at her age, so young, it is doubly hard—and so unexpected."

She recuried to this with a reiteration which was unlike her usual sympathetic understanding of others. There was an eager anxiety in her eyes when she suggested that Amanda's death was unlooked for. Frederick sat by with a countenance

composed to the woe of the occasion, and strangely impressed by the profound feeling in his mother's face, watched her anxiously, but could not understand. What did she mean? Was she really so grieved for Amanda? Had the shock and pain of so sudden an ending really produced this profound effect upon her? or was she so conscious of the advantage which Amanda's death would bring with it that natural compunction made her exaggerate her expressions of sympathy? Frederick could not tell, but he watched his mother, wondering. There were circles of weariness and care round her eyes—and signs of suppressed and painful anxiety, and an eager watchfulness, which was incomprehensible to him, was visible in her whole aspect. She even breathed quickly, as with a feverish excitement, all the more painful that it was suppressed.

"I thought you were aware, mother," he said, "that poor Amanda had been threatened for years with this, which has happened now in so terrible a way. The doctors have always said——"

"The doctors, confound 'em!" cried Batty. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but it's hard for a man to keep his patience. They're ready enough to talk, but what can they do, these fellows? Keep her quiet, they told me. My God! didn't I do everything a man could to keep her quiet, gave her all she wanted, never crossed her, let her have her own way in everything! There is nothing I wouldn't have done for my girl. She'd had gold to eat and drink if that would have done it. I'd have took her anywhere, got her anything. But no. Ask 'em, and they tell you all that is unpleasant, but give you a way to mend it—no. They do it, I sometimes think, to make their own words come true. 'She'll go off one day, all in a moment,' they said to me, years and years ago. Says I, 'I'll give you half I've got, all I've got, if you will make it so this shan't be.' Trust them for that. They gave her physic stuff, and shook their wise heads, and said she was to be kept quiet. What had keeping quiet to do with it? We've all quick tempers. I never could master mine myself, and how was she to be expected to master hers? From father to son and from mother to daughter, the Battys were always a word and a blow. I'd rather that a deal than your slow, quiet, sullen ones that hides their feelings. No, you may say it was unexpected, for how was I to believe them? A bit of a flare-up

never did me no harm. I never believed them. But now here's their d——d artfulness — it's come true."

"And she knew it herself?" said Mrs. Eastwood, with searching, anxious gaze. "Oh, Mr. Batty, try and take a little comfort! It must have made her think more seriously than you supposed, if she knew it herself."

Batty gave her a dull look of wonder from his tearful blood-shot eyes; and then he launched forth again into panegyrics upon his lost child. "She was none of your quiet, sullen ones — still water as runs deep. She said what she thought, did my 'Manda. She might be too frank and too open to please them as hide their thoughts, but she always pleased her father. There's Aunty, now, who was constantly with my girl, will tell you. 'Manda was always the one to make it up; whatever was done or said, she was the one to make it up. She spoke her mind free, but it was over directly. You should have seen her when she was a bit of a girl; she'd ride anything you put her upon — till the doctors said it was bad for her. When she was a baby I used to grumble and wish for a boy; but I'd never have been as proud of a boy, as I was of my beauty, when I saw what she was coming to. From fifteen there never was a man as saw her that wasn't mad about her. Your son here, ma'am, Fred, as she always called him, poor girl, was the one that had the luck to please her; I don't know why, for many is the handsome fellow, titles and all that, I've had to send away. I've nothing to say against Fred, but she might have done a deal better. And now she's gone, where there's neither marrying nor giving in marriage. You are sorry for Fred, of course, it's but natural; but it isn't half to Fred that it is to me. Give us your hand, my boy; I'll always look upon you as my son, for her sake — but it isn't half the blow to you as it is to me."

Frederick had started to his feet when he had heard himself first spoken of in this familiar fashion. The familiarity chafed him almost beyond endurance. He stood at the window, with his back towards his father-in-law, as Batty wept and maundered. Fiery rage was in Frederick's mind. What had this man, this fellow, to do with him? a man with whom he had no relationship, no bond of connection? He took no notice of the outstretched hand. When would those slow hours pass, and the time be over during

which decency compelled him to endure this odious presence? What would he not give when it was all ended, when this horrible chapter in his life should be closed, and he himself restored to his natural sphere among his equals — restoring to his mother at the same time all the comforts which Amanda's existence had diminished, and taking once more his natural place. How he longed suddenly, all at once, for his old home! He would never go back to the house which had been Amanda's; he would sell everything, disperse everything that could remind him of this episode which, God be thanked, was over. Batty, though he stretched out his hand in maudlin affectionateness, was satisfied that Frederick had not observed the gesture, and did not resent the absence of response. But Frederick had seen and loathed the offered touch. The days that must pass perforce before he could finally cut the last lingering ties which decency required him to respect, seemed to him an age.

"I should like to see the — the — excellent person who attended upon poor Amanda," said Mrs. Eastwood, whose looks were still watchful and anxious, though a certain relief had stolen over her face. "Might I speak to her, and thank her for her devotion — to my daughter-in-law?" she added, almost rousing Frederick from his own pre-occupied condition by the astounding interest and sympathy she showed. What could she mean by it? When Batty, pleased by the request, went himself to call Aunty, Frederick turned to his mother with something of his old peremptory and authoritative way.

"You did not always seem so fond of your daughter-in-law," he said.

"Oh, Frederick!" cried Mrs. Eastwood, with a depth of feeling which surprised him more and more. "I never wished her any harm. God forbid that I should have wished her any harm!"

"Has any one ever supposed you did?" he cried with some impatience.

His mother put her handkerchief to her eyes. "God knows I am sorry — sorry to the bottom of my heart," she said, "for her, and for the poor man who has lost his child. Whatever she was to us, she was his child to him. But, Frederick, I am not quite disinterested in my motives, God forgive me; it is for Innocent's sake."

"Are you out of your senses, mother? For Innocent's sake?"

"Oh hush, my dear! That I may ascertain the circumstances exactly, and



how much is known. Oh, hush! Frederick, here they are. Don't say a word more."

He had to conceal his bewilderment, which was beyond describing, as Aunt, in a black gown, and with her handkerchief rolled up tight into a ball, in her hand, came into the room. When he heard his mother speak to this woman in soft caressing tones, and beg to hear an account of everything, every incident and detail—it seemed to Frederick that his understanding of the meaning of words must be deserting him. "Tell me everything; it is all of the deepest interest to me, and there is a mournful satisfaction in knowing the details," said poor Mrs. Eastwood, putting forth the conventional words with an uncomfortable sense of her son's criticism, and his doubt of her sincerity. But Batty had no doubt. He was flattered by Mrs. Eastwood's anxiety, by her desire to know all. "I ain't equal to it myself," he said, "but she will tell you," and withdrew to a corner, to listen and sob, and moan over his child's name. Mrs. Eastwood could not see his grief without becoming sympathetic. As for Frederick, he had heard the particulars often enough, and had no wish to hear them again. He was surprised and half offended by his mother's strange mission. For Innocent's sake! Were the women all mad together, one madder than the other? or what did she, what could she mean? He went out into the garden, his only refuge during these days when decorum forbade him to be seen; and there he lighted a cigar, and with his hands in his pockets strolled about the paths. His mind turned to Innocent, and he thought to himself how pleasant it would have been to have had her there now, holding his arm with her delicate hand, hanging upon him, looking up in his face. He took almost a fit of longing for Innocent. But what folly about her could his mother have got into her head? what did she mean?

Mrs. Eastwood had a long interview with Aunt. She heard everything about Amanda's illness; how Aunt had thought badly of her from the first, seeing her strength give way; how her excitableness, poor dear, grew greater and greater, so that not a day passed without one or two outbreaks; how she took a fancy to "the young lady," saying she'd have her to sit with her, and not her ordinary nurse; how there had been a long silence when Innocent went to the

room, while she was reading; how, after this, Aunt had heard Amanda's voice in high excitement, talking loud and fast; how there had come a sudden stillness, a stillness so great that it waked poor Aunt from her doze; how she had rushed to the rooms and found her patient in a faint, as she at first thought, with "the poor young lady" standing over her. "The poor child ran off from us in the midst of our bustle," said Aunt, "and I don't wonder; she was frightened, and I hope no harm happened to her, poor thing. She was young to see death, and a nice young lady. I hope she came to no harm?"

"Oh no—except the shock to her nerves," said Mrs. Eastwood. "She came straight home. It was the best thing she could do."

"The very best thing," assented Aunt. "And if you'll believe me, ma'am, what with the bustle, and grieving so, and my mind being full of one thing, I never even thought of the poor young lady till to-day. I'm thankful to hear she's all safe, and not another house plunged into trouble like we are. I was saying an hour since, my heart was sore for her, poor young thing; her first being from home, as far as I understand?—and to come into a house of such sore trouble, and to see death without notice or warning. It was hard upon such a child."

"Yes, it was very hard," said Mrs. Eastwood. "I left her ill in bed, her nerves shattered to pieces. And what a shock, what a night for you —"

"Oh, ma'am, you may say that," cried Aunt, with tears. "I've nursed her from a baby, and nobody could care for her like me, except her poor father, as worshipped the ground she trod on. She's as beautiful as an angel," said the faithful woman; "never all her life, when she was at her best, did I see her like what she is now. Oh, ma'am, you've a feeling heart, besides being Mrs. Frederick's mother, and a relation, like the rest of us. You'll come up stairs and look at her, poor dear?"

And Mrs. Eastwood was taken upstairs, and what with infinite pity, what with unspeakable relief and ease of mind, cried so over Amanda's deathly beauty, that Batty and his humble sister-in-law were flattered and comforted beyond expression. She was a real lady they both said—no pride like the other Eastwoods, or the rest of that sort, but with a feeling heart, and showing such respect as was Amanda's due. She made a conquest of

both, and the household put itself at her feet when with red eyes and a voice tremulous with emotion, she came downstairs. She was just in time to receive Miss Vane, who, driving from the High Lodge in fulfilment of her promise to reclaim Innocent and pay a visit of ceremony to Mrs. Frederick, discovered to her consternation what had happened, and was anxiously questioning the servants about Innocent when Mrs. Eastwood came downstairs.

"Went away in the middle of the night?" said Miss Vane. "Pardon me for speaking out. What a very strange thing to do!"

"She is a strange girl," said Mrs. Eastwood. "She was shocked and frightened beyond measure. The only thought in her mind was to get home."

"It was very odd all the same, very odd, in the middle of the night, and when she might have been of use. I must write to my brother Reginald, and let him know she has left me. He will be surprised. I am glad she is safe in your hands," said Miss Vane pointedly; "a girl that does such things is dangerous to have about one."

"Indeed, you mistake poor Innocent," said Mrs. Eastwood. "She is not like other girls —"

"Ah, that is evident," said Miss Vane. "I liked her, too; there were many things in her that I liked; but a girl that acts so on impulse — I ought, however, to condole with you, Mrs. Eastwood. How very sad for — your son."

"It is a great shock," said Mrs. Eastwood. She was so much excited and agitated that on the smallest inducement she was ready to cry again.

Miss Vane regarded Frederick's mother with eyes of somewhat severe criticism. No doubt a certain decorum was necessary; but for the relations of a man who had made so unfortunate a marriage to pretend to grieve so over the death of the objectionable wife seemed to her absolute duplicity. She eyed poor Mrs. Eastwood severely, making mental commentaries upon her red eyes, which were very little to her favour. "I had never the advantage of seeing Mrs. Frederick Eastwood," she said dryly. "She was very handsome, I have always heard."

Then there was a pause; neither of the ladies knew what to say to each other. That she should be found here, doing as it were the honours of Batty's house, was not a position pleasant to Mrs. Eastwood, and she realized it for the first time now

when her mind was relieved in respect to Innocent. But what could she say? She could not explain her horror of fear, her painful mission, to this representative of Innocent's family, who already looked suspicious and disapproving both at herself and at the strange conduct of the poor girl whom no one understood. When the pause had lasted so long that it was necessary to break it, she said, hurriedly, "If poor Innocent had not been so much startled and shocked — so overcome, in short, by what happened before her eyes — I am sure she would have asked me to explain to you. But she is so young, and had never seen death before — and such a sensitive, imaginative —"

"Do you think she is imaginative? She looks it certainly — but I found her matter-of-fact," said Miss Vane, determined to give no countenance to these wild proceedings. Mrs. Eastwood was thus driven upon another tack.

"I am going back this afternoon," she said, "her story was so incoherent, poor child; and I feared for the effect the shock might have — upon my son."

"Is he imaginative, too?" asked Miss Vane.

"He is my boy," said Mrs. Eastwood, with a comforting flush of indignation and offence, "naturally my first thought was for him. I go back to my other poor child to-night."

"A most fatiguing journey for you, I am sure," said the visitor, and they took a stately leave of each other, with no very friendly feelings. Had the brother only been there instead of the sister! Mrs. Eastwood thought to herself. John Vane was the only person in the world to whom possibly she might have confided the terror she had gone through — who might have advised what was best to be done. Even to Frederick, Mrs. Eastwood reflected, she never could whisper the horrible delusion which had taken possession of Innocent's mind. For it could be nothing but delusion — yet how vivid, how powerful! Nelly knew of it, and Alice, who were safe as herself; and Mrs. Eastwood could not but recollect the other listener, whose commonplace imagination would never be satisfied by any evidence that the confession she had heard was the outburst of a mere delusion. Her experience of life made her very well aware that nothing is ever long concealed which has been put into words in the hearing of an uninterested bystander; and should any emergency

arise what should she — what could she do? There was no one whom she dared trust — not Frederick, not Ernest Molyneux. The secret must be locked in their own bosoms; nothing could be done but to keep it a secret. Even John Vane — but on the thought of him alone her anxious mind reposed with a certain consolation. Of all the world he was the only one who might, perhaps, help them, should any terrible necessity for help ever come.

Miss Vane, on her part, went away shaking her head. "There is something in it all I don't understand," she said to the sister who awaited her in the pony carriage outside. "Innocent never concealed her dislike to Mrs. Frederick. Though she talked so little, she could talk on that subject."

"Poor child, she was so simple and sincere, she said what she thought," answered Sister Emily, whom Innocent's churchgoing ways had deeply impressed.

"Oh, sincere! well, I suppose you may call that sincerity," said Miss Vane; "but few people would like such sincerity in respect to themselves; and why with these feelings Innocent should have been so shocked, I can't imagine. Depend upon it there is something more in the whole business than meets the eye. I shall write to my brother all about it to-day."

#### CHARTER XXXVI.

##### AT HOME.

THAT was a day never to be forgotten at The Elms. Innocent had been partially soothed during the long Sunday by the constant presence of her aunt and Nelly, and the careful tendance of old Alice. They never left her all day long. She was brought back at her own piteous request from the room she had chosen for herself to the little room within Nelly's which had been first prepared for her, and there lay all day long, holding the hand of one or the other in a state of prostration which it was painful to witness. So long as they were with her she was calm — but if left a moment alone, began to cry out about the eyes that were looking at her, the clutch on her arm. Sometimes she would doze and begin counting, over and over again counting — "ten, eleven, fifteen," — and would wake and start with looks of horror, gazing wildly around her, not knowing where she was. Mrs. Eastwood's expedition to Sterborne had been decided upon by the

mother and daughter as they sat together whispering over the fire, when Innocent at last fell asleep. Only one of the two could go, and Mrs. Eastwood decided at once that hers must be the mission. "We must know what is hanging over us — we must ascertain what we have to expect," she had said. Oh in what labyrinths of woe and horror did their innocent simple life seem about to lose itself! For neither of them doubted Innocent's story. They felt that nothing which she had imagined could have produced such an effect upon her; and besides, what could have suggested such a strange idea? Her imagination was not impressionable; the only explanation was that it must be true. Mrs. Eastwood accordingly after her vigil set off in the early morning with a heart over-weighted with horrible anxiety, not knowing what might have happened before she returned, or what tumult she might meet when she got there. She was prepared to defend the unfortunate girl to the last gasp; but if this dreadful story were true, what could be done? To carry Innocent at once out of the country, without an hour's delay, was a thought which had occurred both to Nelly and herself, but this might make doubt into certainty, and precipitate the very danger they feared. Thus she went away, trembling with anxious fears, with traces in her face of the agitation she could not conceal; yet, at the same time, horribly on her guard, watching everybody and everything, to draw the secret if possible from others, and to conceal her own possession of it. The two whom she left behind to guard Innocent were almost more to be pitied than she was. They felt themselves the garrison of the room, to defend it against possible invasion. They locked the door of Nelly's chamber, through which any visitor must come, and then unlocked it again, fearing to awake suspicion. At every noise they started, and clung to each other, fearing nothing less than the horrible approach of justice to carry a prisoner away; and how many noises there were in the house that day! Carriages drove mysteriously to the door and drove away again, from the very moment about daybreak when Mrs. Eastwood left them, until the dreary afternoon which felt as if it would never be over. In that afternoon all the people left in London, everybody the Eastwoods knew, came to call, and had to be sent away with messages curiously worded to baffle suspicion, if any suspicion existed. The morning's post had brought a short

note from Frederick announcing his wife's death, and the telegram of inquiry about Innocent which he had sent off on Monday morning closely followed the letter; therefore Nelly felt justified in drawing down all the blinds, and announcing that the death of her sister-in-law made it impossible for her to receive visitors. The maid who had heard Innocent's confession was the one who waited on them, who came with hard knocks at the door to tell of every new caller, and kept suspicious watch upon everything that passed. How frightened Nelly was of her! How eager to conciliate and turn her thoughts into other channels! But the woman was not to be moved into friendliness; she said nothing of her superior knowledge, but she betrayed a curiosity, and, at the same time, an amount of information, which made the very blood run cold in Nelly's veins. Jane had not forgotten what she heard; she did not set it down to delusion; she believed what Innocent had said. To the vulgar intelligence it is always so comprehensible that evil should have been done. No questioning as to motive or likelihood takes place in that region; that all men are most likely to go wrong is the one fundamental principle of belief to minds of a low class; they make no distinction between the kinds of crime, that this is more probable than the other. All they know is that guilt is always the most probable hypothesis, and that probably every accused person did what he was accused of, or worse, however unlikely the accusation may be.

And Innocent herself was restless and wretched; less stupefied, more living than on the previous day. She could not bear Nelly to leave her. She talked incessantly — she, whose habit it was never to talk at all; and her talk was all about the event which had made so tremendous an impression on her.

"Shall I always see her eyes?" she cried, holding Nelly fast. "She looked at me, and would not stop looking. Her eyes were terrible. She looked at me, yet she was dead. Oh, think! She was dead — and it was I who made her die —"

"Even if you did, oh, Innocent," cried Nelly, worn out with excitement, "you did not mean it — it was an accident. She did it herself; it was an accident; it was not you."

"But I wished her to die," said Innocent, lifting her pale face with something

of its old steadfastness of expression from the pillow. "I wished her to die."

"But not like this — Innocent, you would not hurt any one, I know. I am sure you did not mean it. Oh, you must know you could not have meant it?" cried Nelly; and wept, leaning her head upon the bed. How she felt her loneliness in that terrible emergency! Her mother had left her, and there was no one else to stand by her; to none in the world dared she tell this tale. Oh, if Ernest had but been as he once was, as she had thought him to be! if she but dared to send for him as a girl might send for her affianced husband, and relieve herself of the burden which was too heavy for her to carry alone! How blessed, how happy must the women be who could do this, who could trust entirely in the love and faith of the men whom they had pledged their own faith to! But on the contrary, even while she realized so fully the happiness, the comfort of such confidence, Nelly's prayer was that Ernest might be kept away from her.

And so the lingering wretched day went on. Nelly was far more unhappy than Innocent was, though the girl's whole being was shaken — for Innocent had Nelly to transfer her trouble to; and Nelly, poor Nelly, had no one. She had to bear up alone, and to bear up her cousin too; and with sickening fear she looked forward to the moment when her mother should return, and either relieve or intensify the strange suffering into which they had been suddenly plunged. It was about seven o'clock when Mrs. Eastwood came back, their usual dinner hour — and Nelly had not ventured to neglect the dinner or to seem careless about it, lest the servants should suspect. Happily they were alone in the house, for Jenny had gone to his college, and Dick had accompanied the young freshman to Oxford, to see him off, according to his own phraseology, on his University career. "Thank God, the boys are away!" had been Mrs. Eastwood's first exclamation; and Nelly had echoed it a hundred times during that terrible day. Thank God, they were out of the way altogether; Nelly ran down stairs to meet her mother with an anxiety which was speechless and almost indescribable — feeling as if her own future, her own life, hung in the balance with Innocent's. Mrs. Eastwood was giddy and worn out with fatigue. She stumbled out of the cab into her daughter's arms. There were lights in the

little hall, and the housemaid stood about waiting to receive Mrs. Eastwood's bag—the housemaid who had received Innocent—the one person in the house who shared their knowledge. Mrs. Eastwood was very pale, but the aspect of her countenance had changed.

"Oh, Nelly, let us thank God!" she said.

"Then it was all fancy—all delusion—it is not true!"

Nelly sank down upon a chair, feeling her limbs unable to sustain her. She had kept up till then—though for her, too (she felt) it would have been death as well as for Innocent. Now her head swam, her strength failed; she could scarcely see with her dim eyes her mother's exhausted face.

"It is simple delusion," said Mrs. Eastwood. "I cannot find even any foundation that she could have built such a fancy on—except that she was alone with—with poor Amanda, when the last paroxysm came on. Nelly, my darling, how pale you are! it has been too much for you—"

"You are pale, too, Mamma."

"Yes, with fatigue—and relief—and thankfulness. Oh, Nelly, it seems wicked to be thankful when I think of that poor man who has lost his child."

"Mr. Batty?" said Nelly, with a perceptible failure of interest. The introduction of a stranger into the conversation brought her back to ordinary life.

"My dear, she was his child," said her mother, with gentle reproach.

"But you have made quite sure, perfectly sure?"

"I have seen everybody. Her nurse, her doctor, her father, even the maids; there is nothing in it—nothing. It must have been fright, imagination, nothing more."

This conversation was quite spontaneous and natural; but it would not, I think, have taken place in the hall but for Jane's presence, whom it was necessary to convince as well as themselves. But for this the mother and daughter would have concealed both their anxiety and their consolatory news till they were alone. And Jane, can it be doubted? knew this, and felt in the superiority of her unconscious cynicism and disbelief in human nature that the whole scene was got up for her benefit, and was a piece of acting. "As if I was to be taken in so easy," she said to herself; "as if they could come over me like that!"

Innocent lay with her eyes fixed upo

the door, longing and waiting for her kind nurses. It was old Alice who sat by her in the interval, holding her head, smoothing the wild locks from her forehead. "My poor lamb!" said Alice. The old woman's heart was wrung with pity. I do not think she ever believed Innocent's story fully. Neither did she believe fully the vindication which Mrs. Eastwood was bringing. She held the poor child's hand, and looked at her with soft pitying eyes. "My poor lamb!" To Alice Innocent had always been a creature astray in the world; she did not wonder like the rest at this fatal complication in which her heedless feet had been caught. "I aye felt there was something coming," Alice had said, and her calm had been a support to them all in their excitement. Now she stood aside, and gave up her place to her mistress with far less anxiety than Nelly had shown; but kept behind listening and watching, the one person in the world whom all three could rely upon for life or death. Mrs. Eastwood, weeping and smiling together, came forward, and threw herself on her knees by Innocent's bed. She kissed her again and again with many sobs. "Put it all away out of your mind," she cried, "my poor darling, my dear child! Put it all out of your mind. You are as innocent as your name; you had nothing, nothing to do with it. Do you understand me, Innocent! You had nothing to do with it. All you did was to be kind to her, good to her—not to bring her harm."

"Then she is not dead?" asked Innocent, with a cry of joy.

"She is dead; but you are not to blame. Oh, Innocent, try to understand me; you are not to blame. She died of a disease she has had all her life, not of anything that was given to her."

"Ah! I gave it to her," said Innocent, dropping back upon her pillows with sad conviction. "I was there, I know; you and the others could not see how it was. I gave it to her, and I know."

"But, Innocent! listen to me, I have seen every one—the doctor, who must know best. And he told me exactly how it was, and what it was. He told me that he had looked for it for years—that he had always warned Mr. Batty how it must be. Innocent, you are not listening, you are paying no attention to what I say."

"For I was there," said Innocent. "Oh, do not be angry! I tried to count right; twice I threw it away because there was too much; the third time—oh,



how can any one know but me? There was nobody else there—she in the bed, and I standing looking at her. And then all at once she was still—still like marble, and opened her eyes wide, and looked at me. She knew I did it, and I know. Except us two, who can tell in all the world? Oh, if you would be kind and kill me too!”

“Innocent! Innocent! It is her reason that has gone,” said Mrs. Eastwood, with tears. She stood before the unreasoning creature in all the impotence of fact against conviction. Nothing she could say or do would change the girl’s certainty; and yet she knew that this to which everybody bore witness, and not poor Innocent’s fatal fancy must be the truth.

“Leave her to me, mem,” said old Alice. “She’ll be quiet now, and maybe sleep. She believes it; but the first effect is wearing off. Go and get your mamma some food and some wine, Miss Nelly, and make her lie down and rest. Leave this poor lamb to me; the first effect is wearing off—”

“But, Alice, there is no truth in it, not a word of truth—”

“I wouldn’t take it in that way,” said Alice; “there’s aye some truth. Poor lamb, there has been something for her mind to fix upon. I’m no the one to say what it was—an evil thought, or maybe just a shaking of the hand, two or three drops too much, as she says, of the sleeping draught. But there’s been something for her mind to fix on. It’s no for nothing that the creature is shaken and laid low like this.”

“It’s a delusion,” said Mrs. Eastwood.

But old Alice shook her head.

Alice’s suspicion was very hard upon the ladies in their first burst of relief. It disturbed their conviction, their certainty.

“What Alice says is mere nonsense,” Mrs. Eastwood said as she went downstairs. “It is as clear as daylight that poor dear Innocent has been frightened out of her senses. There is nothing at all mysterious about the death. It is delusion, nothing more; you think so, Nelly, too?”

“Of course, I think so, Mamma,” said Nelly, with fervour. “I was always certain it must turn out so.” But, nevertheless, there was a piteous quaver in both their voices which had not been there when they went joyous and confident to Innocent’s room to set her mind at rest with their good news.

After they had eaten, for the first time almost since Sunday morning—a hurried cup of tea having been their chief support and sustenance in the interval—they sat together for half an hour over the fire with a hidden sense of misery in their hearts, though Mrs. Eastwood’s detailed narrative of all that had befallen her, and Nelly’s many comments and questions, the mutual support of two hearts which were as one, was not without its consolation. Before, however, this long and digressive talk was over, Ernest Molyneux’s well-known knock was heard at the door. He had a habit of coming in thus late after his evening engagements. Mrs. Eastwood started up suddenly.

“I am not equal to seeing any one to-night,” she said. “You can tell Ernest I am tired; and Nelly—I don’t want to bind you, dear, if it will be a comfort to you; but say no more than you can help—”

Thus the mother hurried away, leaving Nelly alone to meet her lover. After all the weariness and horrible suspense of the day, here was a reward for her—a moment of consolation, do you say, gentle reader? Molyneux came in from a dinner-party, in evening dress, and with the air of society about him. He had looked in at his club, he had heard the news, he was full of the atmosphere of that conventional and limited sphere which is called the world; and he found Nelly in her morning gown, rising with a nervous shiver from the fire, her face pale, her eyes anxious, a creature trembling with the fulness of a life much different from that of clubs and dinner parties.

“Hallo, Nelly!” he said, looking at her with surprise and tacit disapproval. This sort of carelessness (he would have said) was inexcusable. It shocked his best feelings; a dowdy already before her marriage, idling over the fire in a morning dress—it might be a dressing gown next time; and in married life what could be expected from one who made such a beginning? All these commentaries were in the look he gave her, and the involuntary comparison he conveyed by a glance at himself in the mirror—himself all gorgeously arrayed in purple and fine linen, and with a flower in his coat.

“I have not dressed, it is true,” she said hurriedly. “Innocent is ill, and I have been with her all day. You have not heard of our—trouble. Mamma

has been at Sterborne since early this morning —”

“At Sterborne! I thought Innocent was there; and yet you tell me you have been with her all day —”

“Ernest,” said Nelly, breaking in suddenly, “Frederick’s wife is dead —”

“Frederick’s wife!”

“Yes; it happened late on Saturday. Innocent is somehow mixed up in it. I mean she was there, and saw it happen, and it has — almost — turned her brain.”

“She had not much to turn,” said Ernest carelessly. “But what does all this mean? Mrs. Frederick dead? You don’t mean to tell me, Nelly, that you were so much attached to her as to make a great trouble of that?”

“No, I suppose not,” said Nelly, looking at him wistfully, “but still, when any one dies — it is a — shock.”

She used her mother’s word unconsciously. Words for the moment had become to Nelly symbols, not for the expression, but for the concealment of her meaning; and he surely might have read that there was more than her words said, in her eyes.

“Oh, a shock!” he said contemptuously. “Of course you would not have done anything to bring it about—but when Providence has been so kind as to deliver you from such an unpleasant connection, you might be grateful at least. By Jove, what a lucky dog he is! he had had his swing, and as soon as the consequences threaten to be unbearable here comes in some cold or something and carries her off.”

“Do you call that lucky?” said Nelly, somewhat woe-begone. “I suppose he loved her, or thought he did!”

“He has given up thinking anything of the sort for some time back, you may be sure,” said Ernest. “Well, Nelly, I suppose the conventional correct sort of thing is right for women. Granted that you have had a — shock. But Mrs. Frederick’s death cannot have made such a deep impression that you should be ready to cry at every word —”

“I suppose not,” repeated Nelly, with a painful smile. She was indeed “ready to cry,” but not for Mrs. Frederick’s death—for many reasons that he could little divine.

“It is not cheerful for a man to come a long round out of his way to see you and find you like this,” continued Molyneux. “I don’t want to find fault, heaven knows; but when you are of so much importance to me, I ought to be of

a little importance to you, don’t you think, Nelly? A dowdy old gown, and your eyes red with gazing in the fire, or something else—and the lamp burning low, and a supper-tray or something on the table. Good heavens, what huggermugger ways you women fall into when you are left to yourselves! And what now, crying? Nelly, upon my word I don’t think I deserve this —”

“I am in trouble, Ernest,” said the poor girl, “and you are not. You can’t enter into my feelings. I do not want to annoy you with things that you have nothing to do with as you once upbraided me for doing. Next time perhaps I shall be in better spirits. It is very foolish certainly to cry.”

Molyneux walked up and down the room in great impatience. He felt it was time to read a moral lesson to his future wife.

“I wish you to remember, dear,” he said, “that neither your life nor mine is to be limited by the walls of this house. You ought to think of something else beyond what’s going on here. And really I cannot see that the death of Frederick’s wife is much of an occasion for tears —”

“But Innocent was mixed up with it,” said Nelly timidly, with a feeling that he must know some time, that it would be better if he knew at once. “Innocent is — very ill — almost out of her mind —”

“Pshaw, Innocent!” he said; “if you open upon that chapter I shall go. I must warn you, Nelly, that I think you all make a great deal of unnecessary fuss over that girl.”

This was the result of poor Nelly’s faltering attempt to take her lover into her confidence. He went away shortly after, chafing at the folly of women; and she, poor girl, had a cry by herself in the dreary drawing-room before she went to share her mother’s vigil upstairs.

---

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE PLANET MARS: AN ESSAY BY A WHEWELLITE.

THE planet Mars has returned to our nocturnal skies, after being unfavourably placed for rather more than two years. He now shines throughout the night as a ruddy star in constellation Virgo—distinguished by his superior lustre, as well as by his colour and the steadiness of his light, from the leading brilliants of that constellation. Night after night, he will

rise earlier, becoming towards July and August an evening star in the ordinary sense of that expression—for, strictly speaking, he is already an evening star.

When Mars was last in a favourable position for observation, there appeared in the pages of this Magazine an essay, entitled *Life in Mars*, describing the considerations which have led astronomers to believe that in this planet conditions may prevail which would render life possible for such creatures as we are familiar with on earth. That essay dealt, in fact, with the arguments which would have been employed by Brewster in maintaining his position against a Whewell of the present day. We propose in the present essay to discuss certain considerations which point in a different direction, and would certainly not be left untouched by Whewell if he now lived, and sought to maintain his position against the believers in more worlds than one.

It is a little hard, perhaps, that an attack should be made against the habitability of Mars; for, though we are in the habit of speaking somewhat confidently of life in other worlds, it is, as a matter of fact, in Mars alone that astronomers have hitherto recognized any approach to those conditions which we regard as necessary for the requirements of living beings. All that is known about Mercury and Venus, tends to the conclusion that very few of the creatures existing on our earth could live in either planet—and assuredly man is not among those creatures. It is not merely that in both these planets the average daily supply of heat is far greater than we could endure unscathed, but that from the pose of these planets—the slope of their axes to the level of their path—the supply of heat varies greatly in amount, so that at one time there is much more than even that average supply which we could not bear, and at another no heat is received at all for many days in succession, or else a supply so small in quantity that beings like men would perish with the resulting cold. And when passing beyond Mars, and traversing the wonderful ring of small planets, we come to Jupiter, where, so far as direct solar heat is concerned, we are assured that there is not a tithe of the supply which would be necessary for being like ourselves. For the gap between Mars and Jupiter is quite unlike that which separates Mars from the earth, and the earth from Venus (referring of course to the paths of these

bodies). From Mars to Jupiter is fully six times the distance from the earth to Mars, and the solar light and heat at Jupiter are reduced to less than the ninth part of the light and heat which are received by Mars. Of course Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune are still less fitted to be the abodes of creatures such as those who inhabit the earth.

Mars alone had given promise of habitability in the ordinary sense of the term. And the study of Mars had revealed many interesting results, apparently confirming in a striking manner the opinion that he is a “miniature of our earth”—a globe resembling the earth in physical habitudes, and like her the abode of living creatures, amongst which may be races resembling man. We know that Mars is not so very much farther than the earth from the sun, as at a first view to dispose of all idea that he is inhabited. His year is not so much longer than ours as to render our conceptions of his seasons incompatible with the existence of vegetable life resembling that which exists on the earth. Then we know that his seasons resemble those of the earth in their range: his arctic, temperate, and torrid zone occupy nearly the same relative portions of his globe as ours do. His day, again, only differs from the terrestrial day by about thirty-seven minutes. Water certainly exists on his surface, and the vapour of water is present in his atmosphere. Oceans and continents can be recognized on his globe—they have even been mapped and charted, and globes have been formed of the ruddy planet. The polar snow-caps of Mars can also be seen, and their increase and diminution with the varying seasons can be readily recognized. The signs of cloud and mist and rain, ocean-currents and air-currents, have also been traced. In fine, everything which one could hope to find as indicative of the habitability of so distant a world, has been seen in Mars; and accordingly it is not greatly to be wondered at if the theory that he is inhabited, and by beings not very unlike those existing on our earth, should have been comfortably accepted by most of those who have considered the subject.

Yet there has always been a serious difficulty in the way. Although the distance of Mars from the sun is not so much in excess of the earth's as to compel us to forego the idea that he is suitably warmed and lighted (reference being always made to the wants of such creatures as we are familiar with), yet there is

a sufficient discrepancy to render it somewhat surprising that the meteorological conditions on Mars should apparently resemble those on the earth very closely. This would not be the place for nice calculations, and therefore we give results without entering into the details of the processes by which they have been obtained. It is the case, then, that the average daily supply of light and heat on Mars (square mile for square mile of his surface) is less than the supply on the earth in the proportion of two to five. When he is at his nearest to the sun, the daily supply amounts to rather more than a half that received by the earth; but when he is at his farthest, the daily supply falls to little more than one-third of the earth's.

This is a very serious deficiency when rightly understood. We must not content ourselves by comparing it to the difference between the heat of a winter day and a summer day. We often have to endure for several days in succession a much greater degree of cold than would follow from the mere reduction of the sun's ordinary heat to one-third its present value, and the deficiency is not destructive to life. But it would be quite another matter if the whole supply of light and heat to the earth were reduced in this proportion. It must be remembered that to that supply we owe the continuance of all the forms of force, including vitality, on the whole earth. "The sun's rays," said Sir John Herschel in 1833,\* "are the ultimate source of almost every motion which takes place on the surface of the earth. By its heat are produced all winds and those disturbances in the electric equilibrium of the atmosphere which give rise to the phenomena of lightning, and probably, also, to terrestrial magnetism and the aurora. By their vivifying action vegetables are enabled to draw support from inorganic matter; and become in their turn the support of animals and man, and the source of those great deposits of dynamical efficiency which are laid up for human use in our coal strata. By them the waters of the sea are made to circulate in vapour through the air, and irrigate the land, producing springs and rivers."

What would happen if the source of all these processes, of every form, in fact, of force existing and acting on the earth, were to lose more than one-half of its

power? We can answer this question best by another. What would happen if the engine working a mighty system of machinery were deprived of more than one-half of its due supply of fuel? The engine might continue to work, but it would no longer work efficiently: the machinery would no longer serve its purpose. And in like manner, the great machinery, which is maintained by solar action on the earth, would no longer subserve *its* purpose — or if the vocabulary of teleology must be eschewed, this great machinery would no longer do what it is actually doing, it would no longer maintain active life upon the earth. If life still continued it would be sluggish, little more, in fact, than living death.

And if the failure of the solar supply at this present time would lead to such a result, how much more completely fatal to the existence of all such life as we now see upon the earth, would have been a defalcation of solar light and heat during the long past ages when so many forms of force were stored up. To take one such form alone, and to consider it only as it affects the requirements of our own country — "the 'deposits of dynamical efficiency' laid up in our coal strata are simply," as Tyndall tells us, "the sun's rays in a potential form. We dig from our pits annually a hundred million tons of coal, the mechanical equivalent of which is of almost fabulous vastness. The combustion of a single pound of coal in one minute is equal to the work of three hundred horses for the same time. It would require one hundred and eight millions of horses working day and night with unimpaired strength for a year to perform an amount of work equivalent to the energy which the Sun of the Carboniferous Epoch invested in one year's produce of our coal-pits.

If Mars then not only receives day by day a much smaller supply of light and heat than our earth, but has been similarly circumstanced during all those past ages which supply the facts studied by geologists, what opinion must we form as to his present fitness to be the abode of creatures like those which exist upon our earth? It appears to us that there can be but one answer to this question. Our only doubt must depend on our acceptance of the opinion on which the question is based. If in any way the supply of heat has been increased, or — which amounts to the same thing — if a greater portion of the direct supply has been stored up, then, and then only can we

\* Before the notion had suggested itself to Stephenson, to whom it is commonly referred.

regard Mars as a suitable abode for living creatures like those on the earth. For we may dismiss the supposition that the inherent heat of Mars's globe is such as to compensate for a deficiency in the supply of solar heat. So far is this from being at all probable, that on the contrary an additional difficulty is introduced by the consideration that in all reasonable likelihood Mars must have parted with a very much greater proportion of his inherent heat than our earth. His globe is very much smaller than that of the earth, and the total quantity of matter contained in it is little more than one-ninth of the matter contained in the earth's globe. Now, it is known that of two bodies equally heated, the smaller cools more rapidly than the larger. And certainly we have no reason to believe that at any epoch Mars was hotter than the earth at the same epoch. We should infer, indeed, that Mars was always much the less heated body. For according to the most generally received explanation of the original intense heat of the planets, such heat had its origin in the rush of matter drawn in by the attractive might of the aggregation which was, so to speak, the embryo of the planet. Thus the smaller planets, which must necessarily have had less attractive energy than the larger, would impart a less velocity to the intruding matter, and therefore would be less intensely heated. On all accounts it would follow that Mars is, at the present time, a much colder body than the earth.

Our sole resource, therefore, if we are to adopt the theory that the climate of Mars resembles that of the earth, is to assume that there is some peculiarity in his atmosphere by which it is enabled to retain a larger proportion of the heat received from the sun than happens in the case of our own atmosphere. If we are further to assume that the constitution of the atmosphere resembles that of our air—and no other assumption is compatible with the belief that creatures such as we are familiar with can exist in Mars—we must assume that the Martian atmosphere is much more dense than our own. We need not enter here into the considerations on which this inference is based. Let it suffice to remark that there is a steady decrease of warmth with elevation in all parts of the earth, this decrease being unquestionably due to the greater tenuity of the air in high regions. And it is certain that if the density of the air were in any way increased,

there would be a corresponding increase of warmth.

But when we apply this consideration to the case of Mars we find a difficulty in the disproportionate amount of atmosphere which must be assigned to this small planet. It seems a very natural and probable assumption that every planet would have an atmosphere proportional in quantity to the quantity of matter in the planet. Thus since the mass of Mars is but about one ninth of the earth's mass, we should infer that his atmosphere amounted in quantity to but one-ninth part of the earth's atmosphere. Of course we could not lay any stress on such an assumption; but it must be regarded as more probable, on *à priori* grounds, than any other. This would leave Mars with much less air over each square mile of his surface than there is over each square mile of the earth's surface: for the surface of Mars is much greater than a ninth part of the earth's; it is, in fact, between a third and a fourth of the earth's surface. But this is not all; not only (on the assumption we are dealing with) would there be much less air over each mile of the surface of Mars, but this smaller quantity of air would be much less strongly attracted towards the surface of the planet. For, owing to his small bulk and the comparative lightness of the materials of which he is constructed, Mars exerts less than two-fifths of the attractive force which our earth exerts. A mass which, on our earth, would weigh a pound, would on Mars weigh little more than six ounces; and the atmospheric pressure would be correspondingly reduced, even though Mars had as much air above each square mile of his surface as there is above each square mile of the earth's. This quantity of air would be twice as much as we should infer from the mass of Mars, and we should require five times as much air only to have an atmosphere as dense as our own at the sea level. An atmosphere about twice as dense as this would perhaps give a climate as mild, on the average, as that of our earth. But it seems rather a daring assumption to assign to Mars an atmosphere exceeding *ten* times in quantity what we should infer from the planet's mass.

It seems, on the whole, safer to abandon the theory that Mars is a suitable abode for such creatures as exist on the earth; and to try to explain observed appearances unhampered by a theory which after all is not in itself a probable



one. For indeed we can employ in a very effective way against this theory a mode of argument which is commonly urged in its favour. It is reasoned that since the earth, the only planet we know, is inhabited, therefore probably the other planets are so. But we have seen that, so far as the evidence goes, all the other planets, save Mars alone, are probably not inhabited by beings such as those which exist upon the earth. Therefore, even on *à priori* grounds, it is more likely that Mars is similarly circumstanced; since there are six planets in favour of this inference, and only one, our earth, against it.

In resuming the inquiry, with the theory of Mars's habitability abandoned for the nonce, we must recall the facts which have been demonstrated respecting Mars, only we may now view them in a new light. We remember that he has polar snow-caps; but we are no longer bound to regard these snow-covered regions as in any sense resembling our arctic regions. Again, the seas and oceans of Mars may be permanently frozen throughout the greater part of their depth. The water-vapour which is certainly present in his atmosphere may be raised only by the midday sun, to be precipitated in early evening. Winds and currents may equally well prevail in a rare as in a dense atmosphere. The white masses which have been compared to clouds and whose dissipation has been held to imply the downfall of rain on Mars, may not be rain-clouds, but snow-clouds; or where there is no downfall they may be not cumulus-clouds, but cirrus-clouds, — that is, not such clouds as are raised in our dense air near the sea-level by the sun's warmth, but such light fleecy clouds as are suspended high above the loftiest mountain summits.

It appears to us, indeed, that if we make any change at all in our views about Mars, we must make a great change. If we suppose the Martian air moderately dense, comparable in density at any rate with our own air, then since we know that considerable quantities of aqueous vapour are raised into that air, we seem compelled to conclude that there would be a precipitation of snow (under the circumstances already considered) which should keep the surface of Mars as permanently snow-covered as our mountain-heights above the snow-line. As this is not the case, for Mars is not a white planet, we *must* assume so great a rarity of the Martian atmosphere that sufficient

water-vapour can never be raised into that air to produce a permanent snow-envelope by precipitation. This view (on which we shall presently touch again) of course accords well with the *à priori* opinion respecting the Martian atmosphere referred to above. And therefore it seems to us manifestly the most probable and satisfactory course to assume that the Martian atmosphere bears about the same relation to ours in quantity which the mass of Mars bears to that of the earth. On this assumption it is easily shown that the atmospheric pressure on Mars corresponds to about four and a half inches of the mercurial barometer. We may take five inches as a fair probable estimate of the height of Martian barometric tubes, supposing there are any reasoning creatures on Mars who have made the same discovery as our terrestrial Torricelli.

At this stage it may be interesting to inquire whether the mere tenuity of the Martian air, on our assumption, would be a fatal objection to the theory that creatures like men can live on the planet. Could any man, for instance, exist for any length of time in an atmosphere corresponding in pressure to only four or five inches of the common barometer? or could any race of men, after a gradual process of acclimatization, become enabled not merely to live in such an atmosphere, but to thrive as a race, to undergo ordinary labours, to travel without being easily exhausted, and if need were, to defend themselves against their enemies or from sudden natural dangers?

The experiment has never yet been tried. Nor is it easy to see how it could be. Aëronauts have reached a height where the atmospheric pressure has been reduced to below seven inches of the common barometer; but in attaining this height they were exposed to other effects than those due to the mere tenuity of the atmosphere. We refer here to the celebrated ascent by Coxwell and Glaisher, on July 17, 1862, when the enormous elevation of 37,000 feet was attained, or nearly two miles above the summit of the loftiest mountain of the earth. But, although the circumstances of such an ascent do not altogether correspond to those depending solely on atmospheric rarity, it is probable that the most remarkable effects result from this cause, and therefore it will be well to consider what happened to the aëronauts during this journey. "Previous to the start," says Flammarion, in a work edited

by Mr. Glaisher, "Glaisher's pulse stood at 76 beats a minute; Mr. Coxwell's at 74. At 17,000 feet, the pulse of the former was at 84; of the latter at 100. At 19,000 feet, Glaisher's hands and lips were quite blue, but not his face." At this height the atmospheric pressure was reduced to about one-half the pressure at the sea-level; in other words, the pressure corresponded to about fourteen and a half inches of the mercurial barometer. After passing beyond this height, distressing symptoms were experienced by both aeronauts. "At 21,000 feet, Glaisher heard his heart beating, and his breathing was becoming oppressed; at 29,000 feet, he became senseless, and only returned to himself when the balloon had come down again to the same level. At 37,000 feet, Coxwell could no longer use his hands, and was obliged to pull the string of the valve with his teeth. A few minutes later he would have swooned away, and probably lost his life. The temperature of the air was at this time twelve degrees below zero." This certainly does not suggest that life on the earth would be pleasant, if the air were reduced in quantity to that above the level reached by Coxwell and Glaisher on this occasion. But the barometer still stood nearly seven inches high when they began to descend, at which time Glaisher was nearly two miles above his fainting level, while Coxwell was all but powerless. And then it is to be remembered, as Flammarion well remarks, that in balloon ascents "the explorer remains motionless, expending little or none of his strength, and he can therefore reach a greater elevation before feeling the disturbance which brings to a halt at a far lower level the traveller who ascends by the sole strength of his muscles the steep sides of a mountain." What would be the state of a traveller having to exert himself in an atmosphere reduced to five-sevenths of the density of the air in which Coxwell was just able to save his own life and Glaisher's, — literally "by the skin of his teeth?"

To show the effect of active exertion in increasing the unpleasant results of great atmospheric tenuity, we may quote the experience of De Saussure, in his ascent of Mont Blanc, noting however that recent Alpine travellers seem to have been more favoured, while the guides would appear to have become more inured to the hardships of high places than they were in 1787. We learn that "at 13,000 feet, upon the Petit-Plateau, where he

passed the night, the hardy guides, to whom the previous marching was absolute child's play, had only removed five or six spades-full of snow in order to pitch the tent, when they were obliged to give in and take a rest, while several felt so indisposed that they were compelled to lie upon the snow to prevent themselves from fainting. The next day," says De Saussure, "in mounting the last ridge which leads to the summit, I was obliged to halt for breath at every fifteen or sixteen paces, generally remaining upright and leaning on my stock; but on more than one occasion I had to lie down, as I felt an absolute need of repose. If I attempted to surmount the feeling, my legs refused to perform their functions; I had an initiatory feeling of faintness, and was dazzled in a way quite independent of the action of the light, for the double crape over my face entirely sheltered the eyes. . . . The only thing which refreshed me and augmented my strength was the fresh wind from the north. When, in mounting, I had this in my face, and could swallow it down in gulps, I could take twenty-five or twenty-six paces without stopping."

It must not be overlooked, however, that some of the effects thus experienced appear to be due to the presence of impure air. For experiments made by De Saussure showed that air near the surface of snow contains less oxygen than the surrounding air; and Boussingault points out respecting "certain hollows and enclosed valleys of the higher part of Mont Blanc — in the *Corridor*, for instance — that people generally feel so unwell when traversing it that the guides long thought this part of the mountain impregnated with some mephitic exhalation. Thus even now, whenever the weather permits, people ascend by the *Bosses* ridge, where a purer air prevents the physiological disturbances from being so intense."

There are, indeed, parts of the earth where at an elevation nearly as great as that at which De Saussure experienced such unpleasant effects, the inhabitants of considerable cities enjoy health and strength. As Boussingault well remarks, "When one has seen the activity which goes on in towns like Bogota, Micuipampa, Potosi, &c., which have a height of from 8,500 feet to 13,000 feet; when one has witnessed the strength and agility of the torreadors in a bull fight at Quito (9,541 feet); when one has seen young and delicate women dance for the whole night long in localities almost as lofty as Mont Blanc; when one remembers that a cele-

brated combat, that of Pichincha, took place at a height as great as that of Monte Rosa (15,000 feet), it will be admitted that man can become habituated to the rarefied air of the highest mountains." These places are, however, tropical, and it is manifest that cold plays an important part in producing the unpleasant sensations which are experienced in elevated regions. Since in Mars (according to our present assumption) we have not only a much greater atmospheric rarity than at the highest peak of the Himalayas, but also a much greater degree of cold than at such a height even in high latitudes, it is manifest that absolute uninhabitability by human beings must result. Nay, since no living things except microscopic animalcules exist above certain elevations, or when a certain degree of cold is experienced, it remains clear that Mars cannot possibly be inhabited by creatures resembling any of the higher forms of living beings with which we are familiar on earth. "Beyond the last stage of vegetation, beyond the extreme region attained by the insect and mammals, all becomes silent and uninhabited," says Flammarion, "though the air is still full of microscopic animalcules which the wind raises up like dust and which are disseminated to an unknown height."

But the reader may be led to ask, at this stage, what is actually taking place in Mars when our astronomers perceive signs as of clouds forming and dissolving, of morning and evening mists, and other phenomena not compatible, it should seem, with the idea of extreme cold. Nay, it is to be remembered that even the presence of ice and snow implies the action of heat. "Cold alone," says Tyndall, "will not produce glaciers. You may have the bitterest north-east winds here in London throughout the winter without a single flake of snow. Cold must have the fitting object to operate upon, and this object—the aqueous vapour of the air—is the direct product of heat." It is manifest, then, that the sun exerts enough heat on Mars to raise the vapour of water into the planet's atmosphere (as indeed spectroscopic analysis has taught us), and it is also clear that this vapour must be conveyed in some way to the Martian arctic regions, there to be precipitated in the form of snow. And then this difficulty is introduced: According to our ideas the whole surface of Mars is above the snow-line; any region on our earth where so great a degree of cold prevailed accompanied by so great

an atmospheric tenuity would be far above the snow-line even at the equator. How is it then, that the snow ever melts, as it manifestly does, since we can see the ruddy surface of the planet?

An explanation, first suggested, we believe, in Mr. Mattien Williams's ingenious book called *The Fuel of the Sun* removes this difficulty. The snow actually falling on Mars must be small in quantity, simply because the sun's heat is not competent to raise up any great quantity of water vapour. There cannot, then, be anything like the accumulation of snow which gathers in regions above our snow-line; but instead of this there must exist over the surface of Mars except near the poles a thin coating of snow, or rather there will be ordinarily a mere coating of hoar frost. Now the sun of Mars, though powerless to raise great quantities of vapour into the planet's tenuous atmosphere, is perfectly competent to melt and vapourize this thin coating of snow or hoar frost. The direct heat of the sun, shining through so thin an atmosphere, must be considerable wherever the sun is at a sufficient elevation; and of course the very tenuity of the air renders vaporization so much the easier, for the boiling point (and consequently all temperatures of evaporation at given rates) would be correspondingly lowered.\* Accordingly, during the greater part of the Martian day, the hoar frost and whatever light snow might have fallen on the preceding evening would be completely dissolved away, and thus the ruddy earth or the greenish ice-masses of the so-called oceans would be revealed to the terrestrial observer. We may picture the result by conceiving one of those Martian globes which Captain Busk has recently caused Messrs. Malby to make from Mr. Proctor's charts, to be first coated with thin hoar frost, and then held before a fire just long enough to melt the hoar frost on the part of the globe nearest to the fire, leaving the features of the rest of the globe concealed from view under their snow-white veil.

\* Amongst other disadvantages presented by Mars, regarded as an abode for beings like ourselves, is the circumstance that if his atmosphere be in proportion to his mass, as we have assumed, it must be impossible to boil food properly on the ruddy planet. For water would boil at a temperature about seventy degrees below our boiling point, so that it would barely be heated enough to parboil. A cup of good tea is an impossibility in Mars, and equally out of the question is a well-boiled potato. It does not make matters more pleasant that the tea-plant and the potato are impossible, of themselves, on Mars, and that therefore the possibility of boiling them may be regarded as a secondary consideration.

Those who have seen Mars under good telescopic "power" will at once recognize the exact agreement between this hypothetical process and the actual appearance of the planet. All round the border of the disc there is a white light completely concealing all the features of the Martian continents and oceans. Of this peculiarity no satisfactory explanation has hitherto been advanced. Mr. Proctor, indeed, has shown how the peculiarity would present itself if the Martian atmosphere were loaded with rounded clouds resembling our summer woolpack clouds; but it is a little difficult to believe that all over Mars such clouds as these are prevalent. Moreover, it is to be noticed that these woolpack clouds are morning and forenoon phenomena on our earth; towards noon they either vanish or become modified in shape, and as evening approaches the clouds ordinarily assume a totally different aspect, being extended in long flat sheets, the *stratus* cloud of the meteorologist. Even when rounded clouds are present in the evening sky, they are not the separate small white clouds absolutely essential, as it appears to us, for the theory advanced by Mr. Proctor; but the great heavy cloud is seen

That rises upward always higher,  
And onward drags a labouring breast,  
And topples round the dreary west  
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

According to the views here suggested we have as the principal feature of Martian meteorology the melting of the coating of hoar frost (or of light snow, perhaps) from the ruddy soil of the planet and from the frozen surface of his oceans in the forenoon, and the precipitation of fresh snow or hoar frost when evening is approaching. Throughout the day the air remains tolerably clear, so far as can be judged from the telescopic aspect of the planet, though there is nothing to prevent the occasional accumulation of light cirrus or snow-clouds, especially in the forenoon. We believe, in fact, that the phenomena which have commonly been regarded as due to the precipitation of rain from true nimbus clouds over Martian oceans and continents must be ascribed to the dissipation of cirrus clouds by solar heat.

But we must not fall into the mistake of supposing that because the Martian atmosphere is at so low a pressure that Martian barometers (mercurial) probably stand at only four or five inches, the at-

mosphere is, therefore, exceedingly shallow. Even on our earth an atmosphere producing this amount of pressure would extend many miles above the sea level, for as a matter of fact we know that at the height of eight or nine miles, only, the atmospheric pressure is thus reduced, and even the lowest estimates assign to the atmosphere a height of fifty miles, or roughly some forty miles above the height where the pressure corresponds to five inches of the common barometer. But in the case of Mars the atmospheric pressure diminishes much more slowly with altitude than on our own earth. We have only to climb to a height of three-and-a-half miles to find the pressure reduced to one-half (no matter what the height we start from); at seven miles it is reduced to one-fourth; and so on. But owing to the relatively small attraction of gravity in Mars a height of nine miles must be attained from his sea-level before the atmospheric pressure is reduced to one-half, and a height of eighteen miles before it is reduced to one-fourth, and so on. And instead of forty miles (which, as we have seen, is the lowest estimate of our air's height above the level where its pressure is like that of the Martian air), we find a height of fully seventy-five miles as the minimum. We may fairly assume that the Martian atmosphere extends to a height of at least 100 miles from the planet's surface.

In such an atmosphere there is ample scope for air-currents, and it is probable that owing to the tenuity of the air the winds in Mars would have a high velocity. They would not necessarily be violent winds, since the force of wind depends on the quantity of air which is in motion quite as much as on the velocity. So that we need not entertain the theory which was advanced some years since in the *Spectator*, that trees in Mars must be small in consequence of the great violence of Martian hurricanes by which all lofty trees would be destroyed. Even at a velocity of a hundred miles per hour, Martian winds would be less destructive than gales on earth blowing at the moderate rate of twenty miles per hour. But on a globe so small as that of Mars, compared at least with the earth's, swift air-currents would be very effective in carrying off from the central heated regions the moisture-laden air. In this way probably the polar snows of the planet are recruited. The polar regions must, in fact, act the part of veritable condens-

ers, if the circulation of the Martian atmosphere is as brisk as it may well be believed to be. There must in that case be a continual gathering of fresh snows at the poles, and a continual downward motion of the glaciers thus formed, accompanied necessarily by a very active abrasion and erosion of the planet's polar regions. It seems by no means improbable, moreover, that as Mr. Mattien Williams opines, there may be from time to time great catastrophes in these polar regions, produced by the toppling over or the rapid downward sliding of great glacial masses. For many considerations suggest that there must be an activity in the process of snow-gathering at the Martian poles altogether unlike anything known on our earth. It is noteworthy also that according to reliable observations changes have taken place in the aspect of the Martian snow-caps which imply catastrophes affecting ice-masses of enormous dimensions. Assuredly none of the changes taking place in our own polar regions could be discerned at so great a distance as separates us from Mars, save only the gradual increase and diminution of the extent of the snow-covering as winter or summer is in progress. An ice-mass as large as Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla would not be separately discernible from so great a distance, and therefore the complete destruction of such a mass by collision or downfall would be quite imperceptible at that distance, though it would be an inconceivably stupendous terrestrial catastrophe. But masses of Martian ice, quite readily discernible with good telescopes, have been found to disappear in a few hours, suggesting the most startling conceptions as to the effects which must have been produced on the comparatively small planet where these remarkable events have taken place.

The following observation, for instance, made by the late Professor Mitchel with the fine refractor of the Cincinnati Observatory, indicates the occurrence of an event which must have been accompanied by an inconceivable uproar,—

A wrack

As though the heavens and earth would mingle.

"I will record," he says, "a singular phenomenon connected with the snow-zone, which, so far as I know, has not been noticed elsewhere. On the night of July 12, 1845, the bright polar spot presented an appearance never exhibited at

any preceding or succeeding observation. In the very centre of the white surface was a *dark spot*, which retained its position during several hours, and was distinctly seen by two friends who passed the night with me in the observatory. It was much darker, and better defined than any spot previously or subsequently observed here; and indeed after an examination of more than eighty drawings, I find no notice of a dark spot ever having been seen in the bright snow-zone. *On the following evening no trace of a dark spot was to be seen, and it has never since been visible.*" Does not this observation suggest that a great mass of ice had slipped away, leaving an intervening dark space, which in a few hours was snowed over, the gap remaining thereafter invisible? No other explanation, indeed, seems possible. But how tremendous a catastrophe to be discernible from a station some forty millions of miles away! Granting even that Mitchel used a power of 1,200 (which we find given in *Loomis's Practical Astronomy* as the highest power of the Cincinnati telescope), Mars was still viewed as from a distance of 40,000 miles with the naked eye. Let any one who has observed the aspect of an Alpine region, as seen with the naked eye from a distance of forty miles (that region being known, so that he could estimate the degree by which distance reduced even the most imposing mountain features) consider what would be the effect of removing the point of view to a distance one thousand times greater. Not merely would a mountain-range, but a whole country, be invisible at such a distance. But add to these considerations the fact that the most stupendous mountain catastrophes are reduced apparently to utter insignificance at a distance of a few miles, and are altogether undiscernible at a distance of thirty or forty miles, and we shall be able to understand, though we remain utterly unable to conceive, the vastness of the catastrophe on Mars, the effects of which could be discerned when viewed as by the naked eye from a distance of 40,000 miles. One would imagine that the very frame of the small planet must have been shaken.

It does not appear to us altogether unlikely that the varying accounts which astronomers have given respecting the polar flattening of Mars may find their true explanation in the theory we have been considering. It is certainly remarkable that eminent astronomers, like Sir



W. Herschel, Arago, Dawes, Bessel, Hind, Main, and others, should have arrived at the most conflicting results on an observational matter of such extreme simplicity. We have values of the compression varying from Sir Wm. Herschel's, who made the polar diameter of the planet a full sixteenth less than the equatorial diameter, to Dawes's result, that the planet is not flattened at all. Nay, some observations have even suggested that the planet is elongated at the poles. If great changes of elevation take place at the poles of Mars, owing to the rapid process of accumulation of the Martian snows, these discrepancies would be accounted for.

But whatever opinion we form on details of this sort, it appears tolerably clear that in all its leading features the planet Mars is quite unlike the earth, and unfit to be the abode of creatures resembling those which inhabit our world. Neither animal nor vegetable forms of life known to us could exist on Mars. To the creatures which thrive in our arctic regions or near the summits of lofty mountains, the torrid zone of Mars would be altogether too bleak and dismal for existence to be possible there. Our hardiest forms of vegetable life would not live a single hour if they could be transplanted to Mars. Life, animal as well as vegetable, there may indeed be on the ruddy planet. Reasoning creatures may exist there as on the earth. But all the conditions of life in Mars, all that tends to the comfort and well being of Martian creatures, must differ so remarkably from what is known on earth, that to reasoning beings on Mars the idea of life on our earth must appear wild and fanciful in the extreme, if not altogether untenable.

---

From Good Words.

THE PRESCOTTS OF PAMPHILLON.

BY MRS. FARR, AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

CHAPTER XXXV.

SIR LEOPOLD PRESCOTT.

LEO DESPARD had seldom felt so thoroughly miserable, as he did during the week which succeeded Mrs. Labouchere's departure. The hopes, which had been raised by her manner on that morning, were all but extinguished by the total ignorance he was left in, as to when she intended returning to Mallett, or whether she intended returning at all.

The certainty of learning all about her movements from Mrs. Prescott had occasioned the reticence, for which Katherine had felt so grateful; but to his dismay, on calling at Combe, he was told that Mrs. Prescott was ill and confined to her room, and though each day he had repeated his visit, the bulletin he received was no better. Putting together the circumstances of Sir Stephen's unannounced departure, Mrs. Labouchere's sudden flight, and this illness (which he believed feigned), he began to be very uneasy, that it all boded anything but good to him. The only thing he had to cling to, was the way in which Mrs. Labouchere had received his avowal; and the more he pondered over this, the more satisfied was he that with a little more opportunity, she would have been secured. Had she felt this? Had Mrs. Prescott or Sir Stephen noticed it, and so got up some plan for carrying her off, and keeping her away? If so, the game was over and he had jeopardized his happiness for nothing. Hitherto, his claim upon Hero had secured to him her constant companionship, and whenever he felt dull or lonely, he had but to go to Sharrows. Never before had he felt how thoroughly he had excluded himself from the little community, among whom his boyhood had been spent; but now the truth was forced upon him, and all his vanity could not blind him to the fact, that though he might be received kindly, because of Aunt Lydia, or for Uncle Tony's sake, nobody cared for him personally, and all plainly showed him that they knew his visits were only due to the Combe people being absent, and he, in consequence, not knowing what else to do with himself. Poor Aunt Lydia had a sad time of it, for, thrown upon his own resources, nothing seemed to please or satisfy her nephew, and twenty times in the day she shook her head dismally over Hero's obstinacy in staying all this time at Winkle. She constantly endeavored to get Leo to talk of Captain Carthew and Sharrows, but before she reached the point she was aiming at, he invariably turned the conversation, and the poor old lady's scheme of reconciliation seemed further off than ever. "I really think I will try and speak to him openly," she thought, as she sat one morning waiting for him to come down to breakfast; but at the first sight of Leo's face her courage failed her, and she thought it would be better to wait for a more propitious opportunity. He

pushed away his breakfast almost untasted, causing Aunt Lydia to say with a doleful shake of her head, "Oh dear! oh dear! what am I to get for you, Leo? you really do not eat enough to feed a sparrow. My dear boy, what is the matter?"

"Now, for Heaven's sake, Aunt Lydia, don't begin to bother. I cannot sit down at this hour of the morning, and make a meal like a ploughboy, and nothing short of that satisfies you."

"I am afraid there is nothing to tempt you. I am sure, if I only knew what to get, I'd get it. Do you think now, if Mrs. Carne had a nice hog's pudding, that you could fancy a bit of that?"

Leo jumped up from his chair with an impatient gesture, but, after a moment, he repented, and turned saying, "Don't worry me like a good old soul, I don't feel at all the thing; I'm out of sorts and spirits."

"It must be very dull for you, my dear," Aunt Lydia said, sympathetically. "When is Sir Stephen coming back?"

"Oh, Sir Stephen be hanged, and all the others with him. I begin to wish I'd never set eyes on one of them. Here's that fellow now with the letters," he continued, "as if I hadn't enough without people writing to torment my life out," for the bulky blue envelopes which bore no official stamp, were almost certain to contain long bills, made up of small items which poor Leo had entirely forgotten. He took the letters, said a few words to the man before dismissing him, and then sat down to the unpleasant duty of becoming acquainted with their contents. Aunt Lydia hurried out of the room, oppressed with the remembrance that the dinner had yet to be ordered. What to get she could not tell. "Hero used to give me such help," she sighed, "but now I never see her, and from Antony having been pleased with anything, I have grown so stupid." Suddenly she gave a start—listened a moment—and then, convinced that Leo was calling, she hurried back to find him standing in the middle of the room with an open letter in his hand and a look upon his face, which made her exclaim, "What, my dear? What is it?"

Leo could not answer; the words he wanted to say would not come. His throat and mouth seemed parched and dry; "Sir Stephen," he got out at length.

"What about him?" then taking notice of the letter, she burst out, "Oh, Leo, has he told you?"

"Did you know of it then?" Leo said faintly, as his strength suddenly failing him, he dropped down into the nearest chair.

"I knew it, my dear, of course, from your dear uncle, but it was his desire that it should never be mentioned to you, and until Sir Stephen came to me and made his generous offer, I did not think that I should ever set aside his wishes."

"Sir Stephen came to you?" Leo exclaimed, reading the letter again, "what do you mean? When did Sir Stephen come to you? what offer did he make?"

Aunt Lydia began to feel uneasy; she feared that Leo's pride was hurt by this discovery of his birth—"Dear, dear! what should she do? everything seemed to be going wrong."

"Besides myself, Mrs. Prescott was the only other person who knew of it, Leo. After she came down here, she thought it right to acquaint her son, and very hurt he seemed to be about it, but you know, my dear, no harm is done; Sir Stephen, I am sure, is the last person to mention it, if you have the slightest objection;" but Leo had returned again to the letter, which he seemed to be reading over carefully. Aunt Lydia therefore waited until she saw he had come to the end, then she began, "Your uncle felt perfectly convinced."

"Never mind about my uncle being convinced," Leo exclaimed, impatiently, his face looking hot and excited; "what I want from you is, who I am. Tell me every scrap you know about me."

"Well, my dear, of course it's very painful for me, and I know it must be painful for you too."

"For Heaven's sake, never mind the pain, but try and answer my question."

"So I will, but, Leo, you forget, after years of silence, it is very hard at my time of life."

Leo took a turn up and down the little room, then stopping in front of her, he said with a movement of his finger, as if fixing her reply, —

"Now tell me, whose son am I?"

"You—your father was Sir Bernard Prescott."

"And why was this kept from me?"

"Because your dear uncle wished that you and all around us should believe that you belonged to our family."

"Then my uncle was an old fool."

Aunt Lydia gave a little cry.

"Leo!" she said in a voice of horror.

"You do not know what you are saying; consider what your uncle did for you."

"Did for me?" he cried, in an excited voice. "I'll tell you what he did for me—he helped to keep me out of my lawful estate and position, so that instead of having my rights, I and every one else believed that I was a beggarly nobody. Why did he keep a secret such as this to himself? And you? why didn't you tell me, especially when you found that these cheats and impostors were coming down here? Oh yes! you may stare," he added, seeing her terror-stricken face. "But cheats they are, and impostors too. Why every stick they possess belongs to me! Yes, to me—the rightful heir. I'm no base-born son. I am Sir Leopold Prescott—Sir Leopold Prescott," he repeated, "by Jove!" and he threw himself down, laughing hysterically, in his uncontrollable joy, while the tears which she could no longer restrain rolled down Aunt Lydia's withered cheeks.

"Why, what are you crying for, you old stupid?" Leo called out, jumping up and giving her a shake. "Do you think I'm gone mad? Well, my head does seem all but turned, and no wonder: read that," and he thrust the letter he held into her hand, "read it and tell me what you think of it then?"

Aunt Lydia drew forth her spectacles, and endeavouring to steady her hand sufficiently to see the words before her, she with much difficulty got through the letter which Mr. Holmes had sent to Leo. Sir Stephen's instructions had been the most explicit with him: "Tell him everything he ought to know, get it over as quickly as you can." This letter, therefore, was but a preliminary announcement to the explanations, which were to follow as soon as Mr. Holmes was assured that this first epistle had safely come to hand. Its writing had caused the old gentleman more pain than during his business life he had ever yet experienced; and in his frequent ejaculations of "fine fellow!" "noble character!" he almost forgave Sir Stephen, for what he called poking and prying and meddling with things, which were intended by Providence to remain as they were. The letter which he despatched merely informed Leo, that it having lately come to Sir Stephen's knowledge, that his uncle, the late Sir Bernard Prescott, had left a son, he had instituted an inquiry into the facts, which had resulted in his being convinced that Leo was that son, the late baronet's legitimate son, and therefore heir to his title and estate of Pamphillon. Mr. Holmes added, that Sir Stephen had

placed the necessary evidence and documents with him for Leo's use and disposal, and he ended by begging that with his acknowledgment of this letter, instructions might be sent, as to how and where all particulars relating to himself and his estate should be communicated to him.

"Now, what do you say?" Leo asked, taking the letter, which Aunt Lydia had let drop into her lap out of her hands.

"Oh! if your uncle had only lived to see this day! Oh! Leo, Leo!" and overcome by contending emotions, the poor old lady burst into tears.

"Well, it seems to me, he might have easily seen it if he had acted to me as he ought to have done; and really, Aunt Lydia, I don't know what right he could have fancied he had to take me away from everybody, and keep from me whose son I was."

"Nothing but his love for you kept him silent, Leo," Miss Despard said, gathering up a spirit of defence for her brother which she never would have found for herself. "When Antony adopted you, you seemed to have no claim upon any one. Your mother was dead, your father had died without acknowledging that he had married her, and Mrs. Prescott herself wrote, saying that this offer to adopt you was the greatest act of charity, for she did not know what otherwise would have been done with you."

"It was a charity to take me out of the way, I suppose," Leo said, with a bitter sneering laugh. "The old hypocrite, I'll teach her what charity means; she shall have a taste of it now at my hands. I only fancy the Malletters, when they hear this bit of news about their wonderful Sir Stephen, it'll rather alter their tune, I fancy."

"Poor young man! What a reverse for him, after all these years too! Oh! Leo; you must try and spare him all you can, for he was so generously minded towards you. I'm sure the words hadn't left my lips about your not being able to marry, before he said that you should have the money, as soon as ever he was able to sell the estate."

"Sell the estate! He dare not lay his finger on a stick or stone of it. I tell you what it is, Aunt Lydia, he may think himself a precious fortunate fellow, that I choose to take his word for things. Many a man has found himself inside Carsleet gaol for much less than he has done."

"Oh, my dear! don't say so; why, but

for him, this might never have come to light."

"I'm not quite so certain of that."

"Oh Leo! I am quite certain that Sir Stephen never knew a word of this when he came to see me, nor did Mrs. Prescott either."

"Oh, are you? Well, perhaps it's a pity that I am not quite so credulous. However, there is no need for us to argue about that now; I have quite business enough to take up my time in seeing after leave."

"I wonder whatever Hero will say," Aunt Lydia murmured, more to herself, than to Leo.

Leo's face changed; in his excitement he had forgotten Hero, but the mention of her name brought additional joy to him. There was nothing he need deny himself now, and laughing, as he pictured Hero's surprised delight, he said, "If she should by any chance come here before I see her, mind, not a word, Aunt Lydia. I must tell her all about it myself. What do you think she'll say to Sir Leopold and Lady Prescott? It doesn't sound so bad, does it, old lady?"

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Aunt Lydia, "I can't realize it, you know. Sir Leopold—Lady Prescott—not that Hero has treated you quite nicely of late, my dear."

"Oh, never mind that now; I was more to blame than she was; it was nothing but a little jealousy, I know that well enough."

"But who had she to be jealous of?"

"Who? why Mrs. Labouchere, and with very good cause," he added with a laugh; "why I might have her and her money to-morrow if I liked. I dare say by this time she's ready to take odds in anything you like to name that she will be Lady Prescott. Ah, well, now I can have the girl I love."

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### A WORD OF ADVICE.

It did not take long to spread news in Mallett, and before very long the universal theme of conversation in every house and cottage was, the "wonderful stroke o' luck which had overtaken the young Despard." For once in her life Betsey allowed her curiosity to so far master her that, being in the village, she accepted Hepzibah Bunce's invitation to "step in and make a pitch," knowing that within the little shop the affair would have been pretty freely handled and discussed.

No sooner was she seated in a chair, brought out and, in her honour, wiped with Hepzibah's "filthy" apron, which Betsey felt sure "hadn't sin soap and water the time was when," than Hepzibah began, "Why, Betsey, what for goodness gracious sake is all this hoot and cry about the folks to Combe and the young Despard? The talk is, that Sir Stephen baint a Sir at all, and that the young Despard's rale name is Priscott? What have you heerd about it all?"

Betsey shook her head. "I've 'a heerd no more than you can tell me," she said.

"Well, I never! I should ha' thought that you'd know more than anybody else. Ned Wallis says, that in rummagin' about, Sir Stephen has come across the marriage lines to prove, that the young Despard's mother was his uncle's wedded wife, and so he's foas'd to give un up everything. The men's all in a reg'lar quandary. They hold by Sir Stephen makin' un prove it to law, for Job Trethewy, whose cousin Jack's in lawyer Truscott's office, says that unless Sir Stephen chooses to walk out, Despard can't put un to doors, for that position is nine points of the law; but there, as the sayin' is, somebody's children's a got their father's luck, and if there's one more than another that I can't abide the sight on 'tis that young Despard, though p'raps now I should do better to hold my tongue before you, Betsey. I'm forgettin' about Miss Hero, though you ain't one to fetch and carry, for I'd rather swaller my words any day than hurt Miss Hero's feelin's."

"Aw! you needn't be afeard there," said Betsey, with a tone and look of severe contempt; "her's nothin' to he, and he's nothin' to she."

"What, is it all off then?" exclaimed Hepzibah. "Well, I ain't surprised; for so soon as iver I see un philanderin' about after that new madam to Combe, I says to our Tamson, 'Miss Hero won't put up with that,' I says, 'you see if her do, for I'm thrapped if I would, without the man a measuring his length, if he was so big as Goliar o' Gath.'"

"Aw! well them as likes orts is welcome to Mr. Despard so far as Miss Hero goes," said Betsey.

"But p'rhaps her'll change her mind now," Hepzibah put in reflectively, "if 'tis true that he'll be Sir Leopold."

"He may be what poll pleases un," exclaimed Betsey with a snort; "but—and I've dared Joe to do otherwise—I'll be put in irons and kept there afore I'll

call un Sir anything. I says it," continued Betsey, forgetting in her excitement her caution, "and I'll stick to it, that all this has bin brought about by foul play, somewheres, for they as knaws can testify to it that Despard's mother was a reg'lar fly-be-night, and if he'd ever got a father it don't follow that he was Sir Stephen's uncle, the nointy ole rascal to have the credit of a son that the father o' lies might own for falseness."

"Iss, I hear that he goes about tellin' up, that he's bin kep' out o' his money all these years by Sir Stephen o' purpose. Why, 'tis shameful. You might so well call anybody a thief and liar to their face, and more partic'lar after the Cap'en a makin' a speech about it on the Hard. They says you might a heerd a pin drop, till he comed to where nobody durstn't lay a finger upon Combe, and then they sot up cheerin' and hurroarin' as if the French was a comin'."

"Ah! 'tis that what riles un so," said Betsey laughing. "He was for takin' everybody to be so big a lick-spittle as himself, carneying to whoever was uppermost. Why, he's had the brass to say that he'll make the Malletters pay for it, and if Sir Stephen's left with a coat to his back 'twill only be through his charity."

"And that after Sir Stephen has found all this out for un," exclaimed Hepzibah, "aw! fie upon un."

"If he'd took it and not said a word," continued Betsey, "why nobody would ha' said a word again he; but 'tis to go round makin' out that he's a bin cheated, and that the poor ole rector and Miss Despard all but winked at it, that's what's a turned the whole place agin un and I says for one that the sooner he shows Mallett his back the better we shall all like un."

"He's only waitin' till his leave comes down, I hear."

"That's all. He's sure to be off to-morrow or the next day, cos he's a got to meet Sir Stephen in London. I heerd the Cap'en tellin' Mr. Jamieson about it."

"Why, now, you baint goin'," Hepzibah exclaimed, as Betsey rose to take her departure. "'Tis so seldom you do come, and we all but sister-laws. But there," she added, "I s'pose this'll put it off agin?"

Betsey drew herself up severely. "Joe's one of they who thinks, if he baits his line he's sure o' his fish," she said; "but that ain't my way. There's a voice

inside me callin' louder than ever Joe Bunce could holler, and if he and a few more, who shall be nameless, was to listen to that voice instead o' followin' the perverse workin's o' their own fleshly 'arts, there wouldn't be so many empty sittin's in Mr. Pethewick's chapel;" and with that backhander, as Betsey afterwards remarked, she took her "congee."

Well might it be said that the village, to quôte the Captain, was turned wrong side uppermost; for this unlooked-for discovery had completely unhinged the minds of a simple folk given to put implicit faith in things as they were, and as they found them. They could not grasp this new fact presented to them, nor realize that Leo Despard, whom they had known for all these years as old Mr. Despard's nephew, should suddenly turn out to be Sir Bernard Prescott's son, and that Sir Stephen shouldn't be Sir Stephen at all, and only Leo Despard's cousin. "Why," as old Jim said, "it didn't appear nat'ral like." At length the Captain, being informed of the general consternation, took it upon himself to give them, as plainly as he could, an account of the whole affair, and inasmuch as they knew the Captain would never stand by and see anything but fair play, they were quite satisfied, and it was understood among them that their line of action was "to stand by the Cap'en, to stick to Sir Stephen like limpets, and if any man gainsayed 'em in it, why off jacket and make un prove his words," and this out of no such particular ill-will to Leo, only that they knew he had always stood so apart from them, that in his rise or fall he would never consider Mallett. But in his elation Leo forgot the past, and was sorely nettled to find that those, whose joys and sorrows he had treated with open indifference, should now presume to be indifferent to him and to his interests. This vexation caused him to forget his usual tact, and he lost more ground by the way he tried to assert himself. He cast upon his newly found relations imputations, and gave covert hints that unless he was rather more conciliated it might be the worse for Mallett; and some of these incautious speeches being repeated to the Captain, he made up his mind to go to Aunt Lydia, and give Leo a word of advice.

This resolution he put in practice, and the next morning walked to the cottage, where he found the old lady sitting alone, expecting Leo to come in on his way to Dockmouth.



"You saw him last evening?" she said, "did you not?"

"Only for a few minutes; I wasn't at home when he called, I'd gone to Winkle. It was young Tom Joslyn's birthday, and as it's the last he'll spend in England for the next three years, they'd got up a little treat among themselves."

"But surely you have seen Leo since he——"

"Oh, yes; I found time to say that, sorry as I feel for my friend Prescott, I am glad that good has fallen to Leo's share."

The old lady sat for a moment silent, then, in a quavering whisper, she said, pointing to her head, "It's been a little too much for him. You musn't mind anything he says just now. Poor boy! he'll know better after a time."

"Ah!" said the Captain, drawing a long breath, "to tell you the truth I thought I'd just step up, and, as an old friend of his uncle's, give him a word of advice about letting his tongue run a little too fast."

"I'm very glad you have; I dare say he'll pay attention to what you say; he never thinks I know anything. Here he comes; and, Captain Carthew, I do so want you to say something on the subject of my going to see Mrs. Prescott; I feel it is my place to do so. He says no, let her call here; but that is not kind, not Christianlike."

The captain had not time to answer before Leo entered.

"Ah!" he said, shaking hands cordially, "have you got anything for me?"

"No; did you expect something?"

"I left a note for Hero last evening, and I thought she might have sent me a line in reply."

"No; she did not come back from Winkle."

Leo looked his annoyance.

"I may be off to London at any moment," he said, "and I want to see her particularly before I leave."

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to go to Winkle, for they're all hard at work stitching away at Master Tom's rig-out; he's off on Tuesday to join the *Calliope*."

Leo tried to relieve his feelings by an impatient sigh; he longed to give vent to his opinion of the Joslyns—a vulgar, ill-bred set. He had always set his face against Hero being so intimate with them, and now, just when he wanted her, she must be working for one of those cubs of boys. Ah! well, Lady Prescott would

have to forget many of Hero Carthew's ways.

"Have you been to Combe yet?" Captain Carthew said. "I fancy Mrs. Prescott would like to see you; she almost said as much to me."

"If she wants me, she knows where I am; I don't quite see that it is my place to run after the Prescotts," Leo answered, more ungraciously than he intended, through being out of temper.

"I tell you what it is, Leo," said the Captain, "I don't think you are taking quite the right line in this matter. You seem to forget that if it had not been for Sir Stephen, you might have remained Leo Despard all your life. I don't know what your idea of acting honourably and straightforwardly is; but, by Jove, if you ask me, I say 'tis the way in which Stephen Prescott has treated you. You may say it's confounded hard lines to have been kept in the dark all these years. Perhaps it is; but there, again, you fell upon your feet in being brought up by those who took such care of you, and your property being in the hands of people who took such care of it. Come, come, my lad, don't give utterance to anything that your conscience must condemn. I feel convinced that, when you think it over, you will feel that what you said last evening in the boat would have been far better unsaid."

"I don't see that," replied Leo, doggedly. "Why should every one be on Mr. Prescott's side, and no one on mine? You talk about good feeling. I have had very little shown to me; not a single person in Mallett has said out heartily, 'I am glad to hear it.' Why they should care so much for his loss, and so little for my gain, I cannot tell, seeing they have known me as many years as they have known him weeks. It isn't calculated to improve a man's temper to find every one's back up against him because he happens to get his own."

"My dear," said Aunt Lydia, "you shouldn't say that."

"I don't know why I should not, I'm sure. You never sit five minutes without 'poor Mrs. Prescott this,' and 'poor Sir Stephen the other.' Why, even Hero, who has known me all her life, can't take the trouble to send me a line of congratulation."

And a little tremble in these words touching the Captain's soft heart, he got up, and laid his hand on Leo's shoulder, saying—

"I see we've all been out in our sound-

ings, my lad. Come now, for the future don't let us have any more of this backing and filling, but a thorough understanding that being sorry for one does not mean that we're not glad for the other; and as for Hero—go to Winkle and see her, tell her what you're come for, and you'll see she won't be the one to forget your old friendship, and while you're gone there Aunt Lydia will call at Combe, and have a chat with Mrs. Prescott; and then to-morrow you can go. By that time I dare say your friend Mrs. Labouchere will be back."

For an instant Leo did not reply; then he said—

"I should be certain to find Hero at Winkle?"

"Certain—that is, if you go soon. I left word with Jim to fetch her back this afternoon some time."

"I might go with him."

"You might."

"Well, then, I'll give up going to Dockmouth until to-morrow. I really did not want to go there. And you can go to Combe, Aunt Lydia."

"Yes, my dear. That's my own dear boy," she whispered, giving him a squeeze of the hand.

And when, after some further conversation, the Captain took his departure, she continued to say, unheard by Leo—

"His heart is still in the right place, my dear friend."

"Oh, yes, yes," said the captain, "he'll pull through all right, never fear."

"And he says that this little tiff between our dear Hero and him was all his fault."

"Ah!" said the Captain with considerable less heartiness.

"Fancy, Lady Prescott!"

But the Captain only shook his head as he walked away; for, viewed in the light of a son-in-law, he found he had less liking for Leo than ever.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

##### A PARTING.

WHEN Leo reached Sharrows beach, he found that Jim had been gone for some time.

"He'd a got a bit o' a job to Winkle," one of the men said, "or else he wouldn't ha' started so early."

Leo hesitated, wondering whether he had best follow, or wait Hero's return.

"The tide won't serve for coming back later than five, sir," said the man; "that made 'un so nimble in settin' off."

In that case, it would be useless trying to reach Winkle before Hero had started; so Leo determined to walk up to the Forts, and be back in time for her return. He was not sorry to escape the visit to Winkle; he wanted Hero, and Hero alone, and was impatient for the time of their meeting to arrive.

There was one point from which he could catch sight of the boat as soon as she rounded Combe headland, and, having completed his survey of how the work, so soon to pass into other hands, was progressing, he took up his station to watch for her approach.

Naturally his thoughts ran on the events of the last few days—the unexpected turn his life had taken, as if Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus's wishing cap had been given to him. Well, at all events, now he ought to be contented. Still, he had fancied that he should have somehow felt different to what he did. This led him on to picture the surprise of his brother officers, and from thinking of them, he began to debate into which of the crack regiments he should exchange; and these reflections occupied him, until a sudden puff of wind roused him, and in another minute the boat he was watching for came in sight.

It was clear enough for him to see the outline of its two occupants, Jim sitting crossways, so that he might give the attention which the sail, on account of the chopping wind, demanded, Hero bending forward, in order that the conversation in which they were indulging might be intelligible.

"Once away from here, and she will be quite different," Leo thought, offering an excuse for the vexed feeling it always gave him to see Hero so familiar with the village people. "What the deuce she can find to talk about to an old canting psalm-singer like that I cannot imagine."

Hoping to attract her attention, he took out his handkerchief, and waved it, but to no purpose. Hero was too engrossed to see the signal, and Leo, annoyed at her preoccupation, began to descend to the landing-place below.

From the moment of starting Jim had been trying hard to engage Hero in conversation; but she was too much wrapt up in her own thoughts to give her old favourite his usual share of attention.

It seemed to her, as if she should never recover from the bewildered state of surprise into which this wonderful news had thrown her. It was so improbable, so unlooked-for, that it was impossible to

realize it as a fact. So long as people spoke of Leo she did not mind; but to hear them pitying Sir Stephen was unbearable. To know that he was in sorrow, and she not able to go to him, seemed the sharpest arrow that outrageous Fortune had yet aimed at her.

While giving them the story, the Captain had entered minutely into the various details connected with the past week; and Hero's wounded love recovered, and grew doubly strong at hearing of Sir Stephen's frequent visits to Sharrows, his inquiries, and his anxiety to learn that she was getting stronger.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed reproachfully, "why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Tell you what?" laughed the old man. "I should have enough to do if I repeated all the philandering nonsense a parcel of young fellows talk. Lord bless my soul! not a day has passed without Tom Grant coming in two or three times, and as for Jack Pringle and Giles, 'tis

All round my hat  
I wears a green willow."

"Tom Grant and Giles, papa! but Sir Stephen is very different to boys, like they are."

"All tarred with the same brush, my dear: and your old father the greatest fool of all. However, I'll make it all square when I write."

Upon Tom Joslyn's appointment Hero had consented to prolong her stay at Winkle for a few days longer; but she was most anxious now to be home again; all her thoughts ran upon Sir Stephen's future movements, and the possibility of her being afforded an early opportunity of letting him know the real state of her heart. Suppose he did not return to Mallett, could she write to him, and, if so, what could she say? These perplexities completely absorbed her, and for some time rendered her blind to Jim's more than usual desire for conversation.

"Miss Hero," he said, as they passed under Combe Point, "I reckon they'm glad enuf now that they've got Combe. Iss," continued Jim, "'better small fish than enemy dish,' as the sayin' is. Do 'ee fancy Sir Stephen takes it much to heart?"

Hero nodded.

"Ah," said Jim, with a sympathetic sigh, "but you must cheer un up, Miss Hero. Tell un 'bitter pills has blessed effects,' and he knows whose hand it is that smites un:—

Only fools that rod despises,  
That loves the harder it chastises."

Hero smiled. "Have you seen Mr. Despard since?" she asked.

"Why, no, I habn't, not to say seed un since the day I comed to Winkle for you, and cos o' Master Tom's appointment, you didn't come back. I seed un then. He was 'pon the Hard with the lady to Combe." Then, after a pause, "You haven't a minded his busnackin' about after she, have 'ee, Miss Hero?"

"Not in the least," Hero answered, laughing at Jim's insinuating look and manner.

"No, I know'd that. Some thought whether you would or no. Mother Tapsen said her'd scum un like a cat, if so. But, says I to myself, all 'll be made plain sailin' now. Miss Hero, I says, ain't the one to desert a sinkin' ship."

Then, noticing that Hero's eyes had suddenly filled with tears, Jim discreetly concentrated his gaze upon the sail, and premising that it meant to gibe, he gave vent to a whistle. Puff came the wind, round the last point went the little boat, within sight of the beach, on which Leo stood waiting to help Hero out.

At sight of him Hero's face changed, and Jim, seeing the cause of its altered expression, asked,—

"Shall I tack out again, Miss Hero?"

"Oh no; we'll land there, Jim."

Jim got the oar out in readiness; then he said, in a perplexed tone,—

"I s'pose we ain't to begin calling un to once, sir anythink? 'Tull sound for all the world like gummucksin' of un."

But Hero did not answer; she waited until they were close to the shore, and then, as the boat grated on the beach, she called out,—

"How do you do? I have just returned from Winkle."

Leo stepped into the boat and took her hand, to steady her in jumping out. Hero noticed that he had not spoken, but she was too nervous herself to say anything more. Under pretence of speaking to Jim, she got a moment to steady herself, and then, with Leo at her side, she turned to walk towards the Sharrows Cliff.

"You got my note?" Leo asked.

"Your note! No."

"What, did not Betsey send it to you? I gave it to her yesterday. I thought your father would have been sure to take it."

"Papa came straight on from Cargill, and I suppose Betsey forgot to give it to him; at all events, I have not had it."

"Can you guess what it was about, Hero?" and the tone sent the colour flying into her cheeks.

"Not in the least," she answered, in a low, firm voice.

"You have heard of the good fortune which has fallen to my share?" asked Leo.

"Yes."

"Then you might have known to whom, in my joy, I should first turn. Hero, I know that we have had a misunderstanding; I know that you blamed me for having, through the world's rough teaching, a larger share of worldly wisdom than you can comprehend, and I fear you thought my refusal to let you share in the poverty, which was all I could then offer you, a want of love. It was anything but that—if possible, you have been ten thousand times dearer to me since I thought—I tried to give you up. I can never tell you how wretched I felt—how tame, dull, uncongenial everything and every one seemed, while I was breaking my heart for your sake. Ask Aunt Lydia—she will tell you a little of what I have gone through. After that night I met you at the Thomsons', I couldn't sleep, I could not eat—I could do nothing. I know it would have been impossible to go on enduring it. I must have rushed off to you, and told you that I could not give you up."

"Indeed! I wish that you had done so," Hero said.

"You do?"

"It would have spared us this."

"Yes. But that very morning, as I was sitting thinking about it, the news came. Hero, only fancy, what we have longed for, and talked about, and sighed after, has come to pass—only it is a great deal more," he laughed; "for our imaginations never took us further than an old gentleman leaving a large fortune, and here is a fortune, an estate, and a title—no, I won't let you speak until you have told me that all you said on that horrid evening, when we stood almost in this very spot, meant nothing. I am sure that you love me, Hero. Love me well enough to forgive me the pain I have made you suffer; and when you have said so in words, then I will tell you everything about this wonderful discovery. Ah, how little we thought, when we used to argue and quarrel about Sir Stephen Prescott, that all he had, and all for which he was so thought of, belonged to me. I only spoke against him because I was jealous of him. I fancied that he

might want to marry you, and then you would forget me."

Those words seemed to sting Hero, and to give her the key to all Leo's selfishness. Looking at him, she said bitterly—

"That is just what did take place, and what did not take place. He wished to marry me, and I did not forget you."

"He wished to marry you? Why? did he ask you?"

"He did, not knowing anything about you. He asked me while you were in Scotland."

"And you refused him for my sake. Oh, Hero, what a noble girl you are! Why did you not tell me of this before? However, you have your reward, have you not, darling? It would only have been a sham before; but now, as soon as it is possible, you shall be the real Lady Prescott; and I know whose wife you would rather be. You have proved that to me. What a sneak the fellow is!" he added, as certain passages between them occurred with unpleasant vividness to his mind.

"Leo," Hero said, "it is necessary that I should speak plainly to you. I thank you for the honour you have meant to offer to me, but I must decline it."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say—I must decline to accept the honour of being Lady Prescott."

"Hero!" his voice was hard and stern; "this is no time for standing on your dignity. I have acknowledged my fault as completely as any woman could desire. I expect to leave this place to-morrow, and except for you I shall never put foot in it again. You tell me that on my account you refused a man whom you, like every one else then, supposed to be a baronet. I now offer you the same advantages, you must feel from no other reason than because I love you. Why, then, do you say you must decline to be my wife?"

"Simply because I do not love you."

"Do not love me? and yet, for my sake, a couple of months since you could say no to what must have seemed like a kingdom to you. Your words and actions are paradoxical."

"Perhaps so. I do not ask or expect you to understand what I did; but I do wish you to feel that, if we are to remain friends, there must be no word of love mentioned again between us;" and she turned as if she would walk on. But Leo caught her by the hand—

"No!" he exclaimed, "you shall not move from this spot until you tell me what you mean. I am not one to be taken up and thrown aside at pleasure; befuddled one moment by being told of your great love, and flung off the next with your high and mighty graces. What am I to believe?"

"That which in your own heart you know to be true," Hero said, her face flushed with excitement. "I gave you my girl love and trust; I believed in you; and I was ready to sacrifice anything for your sake; while you—failed me in my hour of need, and were ready to give me up to secure what in your eyes was of more value. I know," she added, "that you are much more clever in argument than I am, Leo, so we need not waste words in proving or disproving that which I am certain you feel is the truth. It is best," she said, holding out her hand, "that we should part. Our paths will be widely divided, and we may never meet again. Let us try, therefore, to forget all which makes us feel bitter towards one another, and when you remember Mallett—and I know you will sometimes go back to old days—think kindly of me, Leo, as I shall of you—Good-by."

"Good-by!" he echoed, looking at her; "good-by to *you*, Hero! Oh, you don't, you cannot mean to be so cruel. What is all this to me if you do not share it with me?" and in truth at that moment his new possessions seemed utterly valueless to him.

"You did not want me to share your poverty, Leo," Hero could not help saying.

"Because I hate poverty," he burst out. "Its shifts and straits are abominable to me. They so try my temper and disposition, that it made me doubt whether even my love for you would stand it; seeing to what I was born, what wonder if it jarred against me? But now I have all I want, I cannot do without you. Hero, you are necessary to me. Every minute seems to make you grow dearer, and surely it is seldom that a man is reproached for the love he tried to curb in his adversity, but gloried in, and fed upon, the moment fortune looked kindly on him."

"I am very sorry, Leo," Hero said, with a saddened expression on her face. "You will find many who will love you dearly and truly, but I could never love you again."

"No, no," he groaned, "don't say that. I will try so hard that I must win it back. I will wait, oh! so patiently for it. Hero, say you will try. If we were married, it would come then."

"Never," she sobbed; "it will never come back. I know it will not, because I like you better than I ever did; but I do not love you in the least."

"Because you will not try," he said, passionately. "Hero, think of what we were to each other. You never seemed to care for anything but me. Why, see, you gave up a rich man like Stephen Prescott for me, comparatively a beggar."

"I did," she said slowly, "and now that you are rich and he is the beggar, for his sake I refuse you."

Leo felt as if a sudden blow had been dealt him.

"You are going to marry him?" he gasped out.

"No. I told him that I loved you, and knowing no more, he will think that I love you still."

Leo turned away, hiding his face in the grassy slope behind them. Had Stephen Prescott thought of him as he now thought of himself? for in the great anguish of feeling that Hero was gone from him forever, he judged himself very harshly. "Had I but been true, but been true." In days which were to come he found many an excuse for his worldly wisdom, but not then. In proportion to the tumult of excited joy which had filled him was his despair and self-reproach.

Hero's voice recalled him to the present moment.

"I am afraid that papa or Betsey may have seen the boat," she said, "and if so, they might come down wondering what had become of me."

Leo made no further attempt at remonstrance. He took both her hands in his, and stood looking at her with eyes full of a sorrow that seemed then to rob his future of all light.

"Good-by, Leo, we have both something to forgive. Forgive me, Leo;" and here the tears which had stood in her eyes burst forth unchecked, "as I forgive you; and God bless you and make you very happy."

But Leo made no answer. All at once he seemed choking; then a great sob came, which forced him to let go Hero's hands and cover his face from her view, and when, his passion spent, some minutes later he raised his head, he found himself alone.



From The Saturday Review.

## THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER AND LORD WESTBURY.

THE numerous biographical notices of the Bishop of Winchester and of Lord Westbury which have been published during the present week are generally accurate and just, and the speeches in the House of Lords and in Convocation were appropriate and graceful. Although, in consequence of personal and political collisions, they regarded one another with extreme asperity, their characters had much in common. Lord Westbury was as witty and as sarcastic as the Bishop of Winchester, and he possessed the same habitual confidence in himself; but he had neither the pleasant temper nor the grace of manner which might have ensured forgiveness to his superiority. If Dr. Wilberforce had adopted the profession of the law, he might have attained the success of Erskine and of Scarlett; but in scientific precision of reasoning he could never have competed with Lord Westbury. Lord Wensleydale was in the habit of saying that during his long experience Sir Richard Bethell was the greatest advocate whom he had known; but the logical application of legal principles to facts which satisfied the understanding of a judge might perhaps not have been equally effective with a popular tribunal. It is universally admitted that no greater lawyer has been known in the memory of the present generation. By sheer force of intellect Mr. Bethell at an early age forced his way to the front rank of the Bar; and when he attained the wool-sack, he might boast that during his whole career he had owed nothing to favour or to friendship. Like many other lawyers who have found it expedient to enter public life, he was almost indifferent to political doctrines. When he failed as a Conservative candidate he became for the rest of his life a Liberal, probably without having either experienced any change of opinion, or having been guilty in his adherence to either party of conscious insincerity. In the House of Commons his legal ability and reputation commanded deference; and the qualities which had raised him to the head of his profession were conspicuously displayed in the conduct of discussions which involved a legal element. In 1853 he gave powerful assistance to Mr. Gladstone in the debates on the Succession Duty; and at a later period, in a long conflict of subtlety and pertinacity,

he defeated his former ally and principal by passing the Divorce Bill. On the Bench he maintained and increased the fame which he had acquired at the Bar. Asserting with unusual boldness his independence of precedents, he interpreted the principles of law with a vigorous sagacity which commanded general assent; but the same cynical and contemptuous demeanor which had alienated the regard of his former competitors still continued to cause just offence to his colleagues and to the practitioners in his Court. Lord Cairns agreed with the Lord Chancellor in the opinion that Lord Westbury was really kind-hearted and good-natured; but a certain moral obtuseness, which afterwards contributed to his fall, repelled the affection and respect which ought to attend brilliant and merited success. When he had ceased to be an object of envy, the same defects of character tended in some degree to disarm resentment and censure. It was felt that, if Lord Westbury had not been faultless, he had also made no pharisaic pretensions to extraordinary virtue. Even his celebrated announcement that he owed his success in life to his practice of Christian doctrines was justly regarded as an outbreak of unconscious humour. The numerous anecdotes, authentic and apocryphal, of which he was in his later years the hero, indicated a certain Epicurean laxity which was relieved or adorned by unflinching intellectual acuteness and promptitude. In a world of commonplace, inexhaustible vigour and ready wit command sympathy, and even admiration.

The Bishop of Winchester occupied a larger place in political and social life than his occasional and formidable adversary. Not less witty than Lord Westbury, he was also a genial humourist, and his wit was almost as often playful as satirical. His musical voice and his kindly manner exercised an irresistible attraction, while they added to the pungent effect of his frequent sarcasms. He was one of the many instances of the transmission of eminence from father to son. Like the first Pitt, the first Fox, the first Grenville, the first Grey, and the first Canning, the celebrated Wilberforce left a son who maintained for a second generation the distinction of his name. In the House of Lords, as elsewhere, his eulogists have apparently been surprised at the difficulty which they found in defining the exact nature of his claims to admiration. He was not a great scholar, nor

was he the leader of any sect or party; and even his oratory would have been more impressive if it had been less ready and fluent; yet it was universally felt that he was the most conspicuous member of his order, and that his great abilities and his untiring activity were characterized by something of the temperament of genius. The peers who took part in the conversation on Tuesday last spoke more fully of the merits of Lord Westbury than of the qualities of the far more popular Bishop. One reason of the preference was the comparative ease with which a tribute could be paid to the pre-eminence of a great jurist and judge. The Bishop of Winchester was not to be measured by any particular work with which his name will be identified.

The inflexions of his earnest and pathetic voice sometimes raised an unfounded doubt of his sincerity. Naturally impulsive, and inevitably eloquent, he inquired after the health of an acquaintance in almost the tone of plaintive anxiety which might have befitting a question of life or of fortune. The same apparent excess or waste of feeling impaired, more than any other drawback, the effect of his public oratory. He was so much accustomed to employ all his persuasive powers for the immediate purpose, that he sometimes proposed a vote of thanks to a Royal chairman with almost the same seeming fervour which had previously moved the audience to sympathy with his advocacy of some great religious or philanthropic cause. No man was really less prone to confuse comparative degrees of importance, or to squander enthusiasm on trifles. His indifference expressed itself less in coldness of voice and manner than in an irony which derived much of its force from a certain solemnity of manner. His personal epigrams were pointed and severe; and, like all men of wit, he was sometimes tempted into momentary injustice by the opportunity of inventing and applying a happy phrase. The best proof of the absence of malignity was the openness with which he proclaimed his passing antipathies. The anger which habitually assumes a humorous form is never profound or venomous. Of all passions, hatred is the most incompatible with the play of comic imagination. It might be thought scarcely worth while to discuss in detail the social peculiarities of an eminent man, if they furnished no illustration of his public career. The ability and assiduity which the Bishop

displayed in ecclesiastical administration would alone have formed a sufficient proof that he was no intellectual trifter. If the welfare of the Church of England had not been the chief object of his thoughts, he might perhaps have been a more determined and zealous politician. It is scarcely possible that an English prelate should be a revolutionist, but the Conservative tendencies of the Bishop of Winchester were always tempered by an intelligent tendency to Liberalism. His first speech in the House of Lords was directed against the Corn Laws; and he cultivated through life the hostility to negro slavery which he had inherited from his father. As the companion of statesmen, with some pretension to be himself a statesman, he was secure against the narrow fanaticism of the clerical recluse. Religion cannot "lift her mitred head in Courts and Parliaments" without sharing the tolerance and the largeness of thought which prevail in secular assemblies. On the other hand, the Bishop's worldly associates and social equals were compelled in his presence to treat religion with external respect; and some of them were probably attracted to his side by finding that zeal and orthodoxy were not incompatible with external graces and intellectual accomplishments. The attacks to which the Bishop was often subject proceeded either from strangers or from professed antagonists, and not from the members of the various social and political circles in which he was familiarly known. It is not to his discredit that he entertained a professional ambition which was but imperfectly crowned with success. If he had deliberately employed his great powers and remarkable opportunities for his own personal aggrandizement, he would long since have been Archbishop of Canterbury. Liberal or Conservative Ministers would have been equally glad to reward the devoted partisanship of so powerful an adherent; nor would it have been difficult to consult the supposed predilections of the Court. The opinions which he most earnestly professed were, as he well knew, often unpopular in high places; nor could he be ignorant that, if he would have consented from time to time to efface himself, he would have removed a principal obstacle to his promotion. None of his friends would have included in a catalogue of his qualifications the virtue of habitual moderation and prudence in little matters. He often disappointed his adversaries by shrinking

from extremes which they may have thought to be the logical consequence of his avowed opinions; but he was not solicitous to abstain from collision with minor prejudices. Unfriendly critics might discover in his character foibles which were exaggerated by gossip and rumour; but it is an ungracious task to dilate on the ordinary imperfections of humanity. The race of courtly and genial ecclesiastics, who were nevertheless zealous in their calling, is fast dying out.

---

From The Saturday Review.

#### THE SULTAN AND THE KHEDIVE.

THE large concessions which have been obtained by the Khedive of Egypt during his visit to Constantinople indicate on the part of the Turkish Government a statesmanlike superiority to prejudice. The Khedive has satisfied the Porte that he will be a faithful ally on condition of being relieved from irksome obligations of dependence. The use of the Ottoman flag and coinage will still serve as an acknowledgment of such an allegiance as great feudatories in the middle ages bore to their nominal Sovereigns; but for all practical purposes Egypt will in time of peace be an independent kingdom, with the power of raising taxes, of contracting loans, of negotiating with foreign Powers, and of maintaining a naval and military force. An odd exception is made as to ironclad vessels, which are not to be constructed without the consent of the Porte. It was probably thought expedient to reserve for some future occasion a concession which may perhaps command a suitable price. In return for the liberal grants of the Porte, the Khedive is to aid the Sultan against external enemies with all the forces at his disposal; and, for the present at least, he is probably satisfied that, in defending the Turkish Empire, he will consult his interest as well as his duty. While his vassalage was ostensibly more complete, the ruler of Egypt could not have been compelled to furnish the contingent which might have been lawfully demanded by the Imperial Government. During the disturbances in Crete, the Khedive gave effective aid to the Porte, but it was always possible that an enemy of Turkey might have received, for adequate consideration, the neutrality or the assistance of Egypt.

The bribe which would have been almost certainly offered would have been the recognition of an independence which has now been attained by amicable negotiation. It is still possible that an Egyptian Khedive might be tempted to betray his allegiance by an offer of facilities for extending his dominions; but it seems that the former designs of Egypt on Syria and Arabia have been abandoned, and the reigning Khedive is inclined rather to push his conquests at the expense of the uncivilized negro races in the South. Either through policy or from a sentiment of loyalty, the Viceroys of Egypt have now for many years cultivated friendly relations with the Porte, and it is remarkable that the Albanian dynasty of Mehemet Ali has attained its present elevation without any violent rupture with the sovereign Power, or rather, after the termination of a temporary struggle, which has been followed by a long period of harmony and deference. At one time the affairs of the East seemed likely to take a different course.

Forty years have passed since Ibrahim defeated the Turkish army at Konieh, and advanced within a few marches of Constantinople. He had previously taken Acre, which was recaptured by the English troops seven years later, and he was practically master of Syria. The threatened overthrow of the Sultan's power furnished the Russians with an excuse for entering Constantinople and for extorting from the Porte the notorious Treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi. In the interval between 1833 and 1840, the French Government, instigated by vanity and by jealousy of England, gave an active support to Mehemet Ali's claims of independence and of the possession of Syria; but the resolute policy of Lord Palmerston eventually prevailed over the exertions of M. Guizot and M. Thiers, and the Viceroy was finally confined to his Egyptian dominions. At the same time the English Government, supported by Austria, Russia, and Prussia, induced the Sultan to acknowledge the right of Mehemet to transmit his power to his descendants. It is a remarkable fact that, since the forcible interruption of their ambitious projects, the Viceroys of Egypt have betrayed no disposition to rebel against the Porte. Mehemet and Ibrahim probably misunderstood their own interest when they attempted to deprive the Sultan of a large portion, or of the whole, of his dominions. It was

scarcely possible that a usurping dynasty should maintain the independence of the Turkish Empire; and if they had established themselves at Constantinople, or even in Syria, they would have loosened their hold on Egypt, which forms the firmest basis of their power. In that province alone a Mahometan ruler is relieved from the inconvenience of governing a Christian population. The subjects of the Khedive are better affected to the Government than the Rayahs of Bulgaria and Roumelia, and they are more docile and laborious than the Turks. The Viceroy has for more than one generation shown good sense in availing himself of the services of European officers and engineers. The administration of the country is not altogether satisfactory; but great material improvements have been effected, and Egypt is now by far the richest part of the Ottoman Empire. In the absence of dissent there is neither persecution nor religious fanaticism, and the imitative civilization which has been introduced will probably in the course of years, become less artificial. At one time the Viceroy went so far as to establish a Parliament, but the institution failed because no threat or promise sufficed to embolden any member to belong to the Opposition.

A main concession which has been made to the Khedive is important both in itself and because it is intended to have a reflected operation. The hereditary succession of the Egyptian dynasty is henceforth to follow the European rule of primogeniture; and it is well known that the Sultan has long been anxious to establish the same order of descent in his own family. In many ages and countries collateral heirs of mature age have been preferred to the infant sons of deceased rulers, on the obvious ground of their greater fitness to discharge at once the duties of their office. In Turkey and in Egypt the system has been so far extended as to give the brother priority over the son; and the consequent jealousy, which often led to fratricide, has almost passed into a proverb. Aristotle is compared by Bacon to an Ottoman Sultan who thinks his throne insecure till he has killed all his brothers; and Pope applied the same illustration to the jealous temper of Addison. Even in the East the wholesale murder of relatives would now be reprobated by public opinion; but the effects of collateral succession, when it is not interrupted by violence, are incompatible with national welfare. No law or custom will induce

any man to care for brothers or cousins as for his own descendants; and the ruler who knows that he will not be succeeded by his son feels himself in the position of a life tenant with a stranger in remainder. Accordingly, like more than one Egyptian Viceroy, he occupies himself in the accumulation of wealth for his family, in entire disregard of the future prosperity of his country. The greatest advantage of hereditary monarchy is the identity of interest which it produces between the sovereign and the subject. As Burke said of Indian administrators whom he denounced for cupidity, birds of passage are sometimes birds of prey. It is in every way desirable that the actual owner should have sufficient motives for improving the estate. The only objection to the change is the possible danger of transition in creating pretenders with plausible claims. Some of the Turkish Ministers who have lately followed one another in rapid succession have recommended themselves to the favour of the Sultan by professed devotion to the object which he is known to contemplate. His grant of direct succession to the Khedive will be regarded at Constantinople as an avowal of his intention to leave his throne to his son in preference to collateral claimants. There is no reason why any friendly Power should hesitate to recognize a change which is evidently advantageous to the country.

---

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
THE FAR EAST.

Now that the audience question has been solved and set at rest for ever — for this is one of those steps which can never be retraced — we may conveniently make a fresh survey of our relations with China and its near neighbour Japan. It is doubtful whether the Foreign Office ever rightly understood the question or appreciated its importance. The actual intercourse that may follow with the young Emperor may not amount to much beyond a formal presentation, and whatever influence may be derived from personal communication is unlikely to make itself felt for many years to come. Its real importance is to be estimated by the influence it is calculated to exercise on the minds of the Chinese subjects of the Emperor, both as regards his relation to foreigners and themselves. So long as the tradition was maintained that the "Son

of Heaven" was a true title for the ruler of China, and that no other ruler or Sovereign could claim equality with this Kings of Kings and Supreme Governor of the Universe, it was impossible to treat with the people, and still less with the governing classes, on any footing of equality. They wrapped themselves in pride and conceit, and despised the Barbarian in their hearts, whatever his power to trample on them in return. All this must now give way before the fact, known of all men, that the foreign envoys—even the Japanese—have been admitted to the Imperial presence erect, and as representatives of equal and independent Sovereigns, with no kotooing or genuflexions indicative of vassalage, and no tribute with which to purchase acceptance of their mission. The Chinese are slow in thought and in action—in both somewhat resembling ourselves—but when once they move or thoroughly admit an idea, they do so wholly and persistently. How their own relations to the Emperor and his Government may be affected by the public renunciation of his long-asserted supremacy over all the nations of the earth, in virtue of Divine right and descent, it may be hazardous to say. And yet we are convinced that some changes must result, and they are likely to be neither few nor trivial. How they will affect the general position of foreigners, and the bearing of the whole nation towards them, is another question. In all probability although radical change is inevitable, it will not be very apparent or widely spread at first. Already a half-conscious doubt of the validity of the Emperor's claims to universal supremacy had sapped the foundations of their marvellous conceit. This was more especially obvious along the coast and wherever treaty ports brought the mercantile classes of the West and East in constant relation with each other. Even the coolie—away from the ports—the type of the lower classes, who occasionally encountered foreigners speaking Chinese, was involuntarily led to regard them as belonging to a higher order than the traditional "Kuei-tze" or "Pan-Kwei" of the old Canton days; so that although from long habit he could not shape his mouth to call them by any other name, he was yet compelled to add an honorific title corresponding with "excellency." And however absurd it may have sounded in the ears of the cultured foreigner to be addressed as "His Excellency the Devil," the combination of epithets was significant and strongly illustrative of a

national change of sentiment which, as much as anything else, has probably contributed to the official recognition of the foreign representatives. The solution of the audience question is treated by some of our contemporaries as a great triumph of diplomacy, and as one reflecting great credit on the foreign representatives now at Peking. But those who know best what has been long going on in China can only regard it as a natural and necessary consequence of all that has gone before. During the negotiations in 1869 for a revision of treaties, it was well understood by the foreign representatives in communication with the Yamen—and of course by the British Minister more especially engaged—that whenever the Emperor came to his majority the fitting reception of the Diplomatic Corps could not be deferred. That the Chinese should defer the hour of sacrifice as long as they could was only natural. A man may be willing to die or to be executed, but he does not usually hasten his steps toward the scaffold. The Chinese as a nation, as well as the more intelligent of the ruling and official classes, have long seen that there was a power in western civilization to which they could offer no effective resistance. They have been slow in giving any public manifestation of this conviction, but it has been growing ever since the last war, which gave the allies possession of Peking, and destroyed with the Summer Palace of its Sovereigns very much of their prestige. From that day to this they have turned their thoughts, and nearly all their energies, to the creation of arsenals, dockyards, and disciplined troops, after the model of the West. Krupp's guns arm the Taku Forts, and have taken the place of gingalls, matchlocks, and partizans, or bows and arrows. Armour-plated steam frigates and gunboats, built in their own dockyards, now guard their coast, and are navigated in some cases exclusively by their own people, after a course of European instruction. Drilled regiments armed with breechloaders and Chassepôts are rapidly increasing in number. These are the first-fruits of the lesson they received on the last occasion when they measured their strength with ours. Let us not deceive ourselves. They, like us, know better now than then. They are seeking to master the secret of our superiority in war, and possess themselves of it for future use.

The Japanese have run very nearly the same course, but far more blindly and impulsively, and at railway speed. We



doubt whether they run as safely; and of one thing we are quite certain, that when the Chinese take to railroads and telegraphic lines it will not be by foreign loans or at foreign instigation, but because they desire them for their own use, and feel they can manage both to construct and to work them without interference. The Emperor of China is not yet born who would give a Baron Reuter such a firm as the Shah of Persia has conceded. The Mikado or Tenno of Japan, in his eagerness to be possessed of all European civilization, and to clear ten centuries at a bound, might possibly be tempted; but even that we doubt. We cannot help thinking, therefore, that the supporters of a scheme recently announced for making the young Emperor of China a present of a locomotive and a few miles of rail, with a view to tempt him and his counsellors to embrace the promoters and immediately span his empire with iron roads, are labouring under a delusion as to the chances of ultimate success. There is something thoroughly unpractical in "the idea of the English people sending spontaneously a magnificent present from a specially subscribed fund," and that it "would come with peculiar freshness to the Chinese, and would probably result in the development of a kindly feeling between the two countries, the result of which no powers of calculation could measure." We frankly confess our powers in this direction are totally inadequate to realize either the "peculiar freshness" of the Chinese feelings on receiving such an instalment of the railroads of the future, or the result in kindly feeling between the two countries. The more probable conclusion to which a Chinese official would come on seeing the expense and trouble taken by so many foreigners would be one much more complimentary to their pockets than their intellect. He would see in so much effort an overmastering desire to profit by the first introduction of railroads, and a proportionate eagerness to hasten the period.

Although we cannot look with any hopefulness upon such enterprises to hasten the pace of the Chinese, and even doubt the desirability of success, we are not the less satisfied that, now the audience question no longer stops the way, the Chinese court and authorities generally will open their eyes to many things they have hitherto been determined not to see. We are equally assured, that once they do look facts fairly in the face,

there is nothing to fear as to the result; and shaft, wire, and rail, will all be at work no long time after. The recognition of the equality of other Powers will be followed at no distant period by the appreciation of other than mere Confucian ideas and forces. Of course this change will not work marvels all at once. The *ju-i*, or sceptre of China, is not the rod of Aaron, and will not blossom in a night. But it will release a combination of forces now held bound and inactive. And in the body politic, hands will work and minds think that are now cramped and stagnant. Hitherto in the higher regions of Chinese policy an enlightened fear of consequences has been in conflict, in all foreign questions, with an ignorant conservatism ever looking back to the past for inspiration and safety. We may now hope also to see the end of the so-called "co-operative policy;" words which formed a good text for the American "stump," but, in point of fact, were designed by one party, with foreign interests, to keep China from progressing; and by another, to keep British influence from extending and predominating. The French and the Americans, the Russians and the Germans, were always very co-operative whenever either of these ends could be advanced. More like Constantinople every day, there is good reason to believe that Peking is a place where the Chinese Government gets many hints, and a "collective note" does not necessarily indicate a common policy on the part of the signatories. It is not the interest of all parties to see China progress, and it is certainly not the wish of all that England should exercise influence in the country. Being already jealous of the predominance given to it by its share of commerce—amounting to more than three-fourths of the whole collective trade of China with foreign countries—other Powers, who have little trade to lose, never act cordially with us. They know pretty well by this time that England has no design on China, and only wishes to see her people happy and prosperous, though it may be too much to expect they will implicitly believe this. There is an unknown future in China yet, and it is easy to understand that rival Powers may each desire to keep the field clear for whatever action may best suit their own interests or policy as circumstances may arise. The sooner we recover our freedom of action, therefore, and pursue an independent and unfettered course, the better the true interest of both nations will be served.